THE
Art of Longevity,
OR,
A Diæteticall INSTITUTION.

Written by Edmund Gayton,
Bachelor in PHYSICK, of St. John Bapt.
Coll. OXFORD.



LONDON,
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TO THE
Moſt Vertuous, Accompliſht & Ingenious LADY,
THE LADY
ELIZABETH ROUS,
The meriting Wife of the moſt Munificent
JOHN ROUS Eſq;
Of *Henham Hall* in *Suffolk*.

SINGULAR MADAM,

UNto none more properly doth the Dedication of this Book belong, then to *your excelling Self*, who (being by Birth firſt, then Accompliſhments, then Marriage, the unenvied Paragon of two great Counties, that of *Norfolk* by your Originals, this of *Suffolk* by your Nuptials, in honour to thoſe Counties that are proud of you, and the reſt that contend for you) ſhould be continued to as much duration, as the Art of *Phyſick* is able to contrive. It ought to be the labour of a *Colledge of Phyſitians* (not of one pitifull Pretender) to advance the preſervation of ſuch a perſon, which if loſt, the following age muſt faintly hope to re-example. In the

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want therefore, or failings of *Phyſical* Counſels be your own *Leſſius*, be to your ſelf a *Cornara*, ſince it hath ſo providentially faln out, all other outward embelliſhments being abundantly beſtowed upon you, that you need not ſpend any time to adorn, or trick up your ſelf, but only to expreſs your thankfulneſs to the gracious Opificer of ſo rare a piece, & employ ſome hours (as is your practiſe) that your Countrey, Family, and Friends may be happy in the long poſſeſſion of you. For really your own Practiſe (*Madam*) will out-do all my Precepts, your Gardens and Parks out-vie the Phyſick-Gardens; your Cloſet is as conſiderable as the *Counteſs of Kent*'s with her Powder in it. At *Henham-Hall* (the Seat of your *Noble Husbands* Anceſtors) what is wanting to Satiety? yet your Deer outlive the ages of their Neighbour-commoners, and their Parks too; 'tis poſſible to find a Stag as ancient as that of *Caſar*'s: nor is this done by the diet of your Keeper, or your keeping your Deer from being your Diet, but by a ſucceſſive ſpending of your Park, not deſtroying it, by letting us eat *Veniſon*, but not to ſuch exceſs, as if your *Gueſts* were to feed themſelves into *Elkes*. Your Deer fall (as our *Colledge-copices* ſhould do) at ſo many years growth, that ſo the ſucceeding ſcholars may have wood of their own, & not expect Coals from *New-caſtle*. Your Table is *Mezentian* in this reſpect; for *alive* Deer look in at your windows, and ſee their *dead* Brother in a Coffin. So rare is your Cookery, it makes ſlaughter amiable, and the

Herd

Heard deſire to be wounded, that they may be ſo dreſs'd. I have ſeen your Table furniſhed with more Diſhes then my Book hath Chapters in it, and yet the Temperance did exceed the Diſhes, ſo that if ever Abſtinence was *paramount*, and in its *Zenith* it was at *Henham*, where Self-deniall (ſo much ſpoke of) was truly viſible, even in the fulneſs of the Creature, and your Gueſts din'd *Philoſophically*, at a City Feaſt. 'This is true Tem-'perance (Madam) to refraine where there is 'variety of temptation to exceſs; to ſtint the ſto-'mack, in full view of the game of Luxury, other-'wiſe it is Penance, not Abſtinence, and the Mind 'and Appetite not commanded, but a ſtring tied 'about the throat, which is *Cormorant ſobriety*, for 'which the Fowl wiſhes him hang'd that throtled 'him.

Having thus commended (*Madam*) your Diet, 'tis not with any Stratagem to get Applauſe to my own, which is too courſe for your Palate, and ſcarce fit for your Servants. But as you ſometimes are pleaſed to leave the Rarities of your own Table and Careſſe in a Cottage, where the Earthen Platter, the Barley Pudding, the Fool, and the plain Countrey Houſwife, are both Meat and Sport, and delight and nouriſh beyond the wiſdome of multiplied Cookery. So let it fare (beſt Lady) with this ſlender treatment of your Servant, which is not a Preſent, but a Debt of a long Promiſe, and not in that kind paid that it was promiſed. I did intend you a Grace, ſome Divine

Poems,

Poems, but present you with all manner of Diet, for fear being without Grace, it might be supposed all of Oysters, or Melons. The Book is a *Hieroglyphick salt*, not that with the *head of Mortification* on it, which is melancholy, or a *Charing-cross* trencher salt, which is impious; but this is a *pillar of Salt*, or rather of Temperance, which is healthful (and at least in wish) Festivous, the Motto as it may be translated,

Poets should alwayes write,
To profit, and delight.

And calls to mind the ancient frugality of our predecessors, which were *wise*, *valiant*, and *abstemious*, three habits much advanced, if not begot by *Dietetick Rules*. To the moderate observance whereof, in the pursuance of your Honoured Husbands, and your Ladiships and Families health, this Rythmicall Tract invites you, untill I can face to face, and *vivâ voce* wish your double healths (as a Physitian ought to do) in your celebrious Goblet at *Henham-Hall*. Till then, and ever, I am

(MADAM)

Your most gratefull Servant,

Edmund Gayton.

TO THE
Candid *LADY-READERS.*

Madams,

THis Book, *entitled* The Art of Longevity, *or*, A Dieteticall Institute, *may very well seem unnecessary and superfluous, after so many Tracts of the same subject, by the long-liv'd* Lessius, Cornarus, *and others, who have ingrossed all that can be said, and left Posterity nothing but to practise. But as in Divinity (that of the Times, called Preaching) repetition is not uncommendable; so in* Physick, *a round Recapitulation, or trimme Compendium and Abridgement, may help the memory, though not the understanding; wherefore the succinct and ingenious* Salernitan *Precepts fasten more then* Hypocrates *profounder Aphorisms, or* Galens *Comments upon its Auditors, and* Sandersons *Verses, are oftner and easier remembred then their rugged Prose, Feet and Rythm sweetning the sowrenes of the moral letter. Verses indeed have the fate to be both slighted and condemned, and yet, like other faults,* retained. *And though Poetry and Oratory both (if looks upon in the art and respect) are but the lowest of endowments; yet as their subjects may be, they both raise them and themselves. I confess my Subject is above my Dress, and I have depress the Argument by the mould I cast it in, yet a plain Suit by the Fancies may be made conspicuous, and attract more for the* mode *then the* stuff. *So here serious Matter in a* phantastical *or light Dress, may one with another perchance finde a liking,*

some-

sometimes applause. I know, Ladies, *that you are all of a* neat extraction, *choice and sifted earth, and so resolve to keep your selves, being by self-affection principled to a spare Diet, whereby your own mirrours reflect you pleasing and lovely to your selves, and admirable to others. Wherefore in all* Physical *practise there are no such observant Patients as your selves, whether the business concern your health or your ornament, your* being *or your* well-being. *Now a book of Diet presented to you is like to be of most happy events, who if you are told the quality of your food, will not erre in the quantity. The first of these is my care at present, the second is your constant use: for neither to your* noble sex, *nor any of the* nobler, *will I prescribe any measure in meat, though there ought to be one in all things: the Beasts themselves (even all but Horses, Dogs, and Swine) have attained to such a natural stint. Rare is the temperance of the Elephants, Apes, Birds, as may be read in* Ælians Varia Historia, *nay Dogs themselves (a voracious animal) though they will eat to surfeit, cure themselves by abstinence, and* Swine-physick *is grown into a* Proverb. *If your* Ladyships *enquire at what* demensum *or exactness I live my self, with a* Medice, ostende teipsum, *that is, shew me thy Diet by thy Practise; I answer,* Madams, *Truly I finde it the best rule, as to my particular, to keep* no rule *at all, for the Times have been more then* Lessius *to me, and brought me to less then* twelve ounces *in two dayes, which is a most slender proportion; they have taken care that I shall never have the worst of surfeits, that of* bread: *yet sometimes I offend in* poculentis, *in the excess, oftner in* esculentis, *in the defect; in Fastings often, in Prayers less, yet still in some, enough Religion for a Physitian. And beside the* Coloquintida *of the Times, in frequent mornings doses of the leaves of Wormwood, Scurvy-grass, and Water-cresses, which makes me look at the present Mastigation like* Vespatian, Clodius, *or* John Whistler, *the sometime good-fac'd Recorder of* Oxford *(as if I were going to sacrifice to the Lady* Cloacina.) *Such severe Discipline is not fit for*

for your tender Architecture, that may ruine Plaister of Paris, *which will scarce smooth the rougher Lime and Sand. In short, I know it is a Latine Proverb,* Misere vivit qui vivit Medice, *that is, Madams,*

They are most miserable Fools
That alwayes live by Physick-rules.

And so Misere vivit, qui immodice vivit,

They'r slaves unto their appetite
Which golden moderation slight.

In a word of exhortation then, Ladies, be neither Hermits *nor* Carthusians, Capuchins *nor* Monnists, *that is, not of too severe a Regulation; yet a* Nunnes *diet for your sex, and the* Collegiat *for ours, will make you Mother-*Pyrrha's *for Age,* Penelopes *for Beauty,* Cassandra's *for Wisdome. In short, it will keep your Spirits active, your Skins cleare, your Limbs vigorous, your soules and bodies apt for all Divine and Natural actions, whereby you may be (as you wish your selves, and I too cordially) both* belov'd of God and men. *And thus I humbly submit these Conceits following to your* Ladyships *view, under correction; unto which (especially from such hands) I were unkind to my self if I should not most willingly lye down, and subscribe my self*

(LADIES)

Your most Obedient and Corrigible Servant,

EDMUND GAYTON.

Upon his Friend, Mr. Edmund Gayton's *Book of Diet.*

VVIt without wine, mirth without any meat?
Then let the dead that neither drink nor eat,
Read thee for me; I am not ſo divine,
That I can live, and neither ſup nor dine.
For though man liveth not By *bread alone*,
Yet there is no man ever liv'd with none.
Devouring *Wood of Kent* (who at one bait
Could eat as much as *Noah's* World of *Eight*)
Being dead, may be thy gueſt; for thou doſt give
Something ſo near to nothing, none can live.
Thou haſt forgot how freely thou did'ſt laugh,
Being told thou had'ſt eat up thy *Beadles ſtaffe*;
Yet would'ſt perſwade us temperance; O no,
Live by thy Book (if thou'dſt have me do ſo)
Experiment thy ſelf, firſt dine one week
With bread two ounces juſt, and *ana* Leek,
Sup with the learned Worm: that eats thy book,
And let thy Readers ſee how thou would'ſt look,
Printing thy bare-bone picture on thy ſheet,
And then conſider whether it be meet,
All mankind to perſwade to ſtarve themſelves,
Becauſe thou haſt no victuals on thy ſhelves.
As the long Graces that in faſhion be,
Suit with thy minute meal, ſo both with me,
Thus for the glutton and good fellow now
Thy *Friend* ſpeaks truth, and freely doth allow
Thy temperate preſcriptions; for our life
Is leſſe in danger of the * *Sword* then * *Knife*;
And would we keep thy Rules (for no one can
Say that he cannot, if he be a man.)
Doctors (as do Divines) might change their trade,
The Sexton burn his Mattock and his Spade.
The elder World might die firſt, you and I
Might live till we were chang'd, and ſo ne're die.

** Plures occidit gula, quam gladius.*

Nominibus multùm notus ſine nomine prodis
Optime amicorum, non te ſed memet honoras,
At quoniam proprios titulos (perdure) negaſti
Hos cape. Vir auri es, virtutum dignior heres.

To

To Mr. Gayton *on his Art of* LONGEVITY.

FOr ſurfeits ſome pay dear, even all their wealth,
Others farre dearer, their more precious health.
Yet heavier puniſhment, we ſee, or read,
Poor *Copenhagen* feels it from the *Swede*,
Whoſe Sword, with Famine ſharper then its edge,
Now ſadly gives the *Daniſh* Healths a Pledge.
Could now one cure this feaſting evil, give
Sick appetite the great Reſtorative;
Teach us to feed like Burgers, yet to riſe
Like Doctors, leſſe merry, and more wiſe,
To ſuch a *Galen*, Cities that abound
In Riches, noble Penſions might propound:
I wiſh they would, facetious *Gayton*, then
Should'ſt thou have Fees due to thy learned Pen;
That from th' *Arabians* hath to us transferr'd
The Secret, that preſerves that long-liv'd Bird,
Which thou preſcrib'ſt, not in hard words, that make
The Bill as nauſeous as the Drugs we take.
'So clearly and ſo well thy Book is writ,
That we have here choice Diet, and choice Wit.

Robert Stapylton Knight.

To his quondam *Fellow* Oxonian EDMUND GAYTON.

THeſe *Dietetick* Laws thou doſt here give,
Do teach us how, but make thy ſelf to live,
And ſo they ſhall, induſtrious *Mun*, till time
Do once reſtore thee unto Proſe from Rime:
Sometimes in Latine verſe, in Engliſh now
You do, (God bleſs it) drive Poetick plough.
Whence are theſe Inſtitutes, and whence theſe Rules?
Not from th' Apothecary Shops, or Schools?
Thou talk'ſt *Arabian* Authors, but thy pains
Speak lowdly, thou haſt no Library but brains.
Longevity thou giv'ſt us from *Jove's* Bower,
And temperance from Friar *Bacon's* * Tower.
Who'd think a Man ſhould fall ſo mightily,
Who had his Rudiments of Warr ſo high?
VVho'd think that thou, a *Centry in the air*,
Should'ſt e're come down to teach us groſſer Fare?
A Paracelſian then (without diſgrace)
I'le call thee, inſtructed by the Prince oth' Place.
Bred in the Air, and VVarr, what Powders may
Not come from thee? my *Lady Kents* give way.
Both Monk and Souldier owns thee, for I know,
Both Preſſes thou doſt ſtoutly undergo.
And now to pleaſe the Ladies thou haſt brought,
Not things farre fetch'd, nor yet too dearly bought:

* *The Stand where the Author was firſt plac'd a Centry*

Thou

Thou mak'ſt their Kitchin-Gardens give them more
Then *Egypt* and both th' *Indies* did before.
Thus *common* things, not *vulgar*, are made nice,
And cheapneſs ſometimes may enhanſe the price.
What thou haſt done with ſtaffe of place and wealth
We know not, but I'me ſure the ſtaffe of health
Thou carri'ſt ſtill before us, and our part
Is but to follow well, and praiſe thy Art:
Great Art, that doth not only ſave but cure,
Preventive too, as well as make t' endure.
Wherefore I ſhall no more of thee rehearſe,
Who giv'ſt us Mirth, and Phyſick, in a verſe:
And thoſe that will not for thy doſe give Fee,
Let them want verſes, and their health for me.

Philogeiton.

H. F. Dr. L. L.

To

To the honour'd Author upon his Diætetical Inſtitute.

VVEre the world but one Giant-thing that liv'd,
And had a ſoul, (as the old Sage believ'd)
But could it eat too, for one meal I'de ſwear,
Thou meant'ſt thy Book its general Bill of fare;
Great Clerk of Natures kitchin! we ne're knew
She was ſo good an Houſe-keeper till now.
Some Naturaliſts ſerv'd up a courſe, or ſo,
Garniſh'd to boot with their own fictions too;
But thou in this great *Olio* haſt combin'd,
VVhat e're her want or luxury could find.
If in her dining-room thou ſerve ſo well,
I'th' drawing-room ſure thou muſt needs excell.

J. Heath.

To

To his Friend the Author.

VVHat is't is writ? It is a noble Diet:
Oh! for a Souldiers ſtomack to be quiet,
And not conceive ſuch Dainties plac'd upon
Some Ladies Board; then let the Gods look on,
VVith all their Goddeſſes, and tell me where
They met with wholeſome diet and ſuch cheare;
But their immortal diets only known
And rarely fanci'd to us, then were ſhown
By power of Poets wits: I would not wiſh
This my good friend preſent us ſuch a diſh:
VVhat he hath done 'tis all ſubſtantial good,
Not only Babes, but Lords and Ladies food;
Such as may make our youth old *Neſtor*'s grow,
And then confeſs their age to him they owe:
Yet if our ſtomacks want a diſh to bait on,
No wit like thine, i'th' ſecond Courſe, dear *Gayton*.

E. ALDRICH,

Tribunus militum.

To

To his honoured Friend Mr. Edmund Gayton *on his Art of* Longevity.

WHy how now fellow Souldier! what you write?
It must be sure to get what you by fight
Have lost; in troth we had ill luck by th' Sword;
Those were *By-blows*, thou better art at word:
And why of Diet prithee, when we know
All Cavaliers are fore'd to live too low
Under the Rule of Lessius, small provant
Will serve those men o'th' Garrison of *Gaunt*:
So oft reform'd (that's squeez'd) they'r brought alass,
Toth' *Mum*, and Diet of *Pythagoras*.
Platonick love we new may justifie,
Since *meats Platonick* make sobriety;
And what i'th' fulness of the *Court* was Fable
Romance all, is true from thy spare Table,
And yet the sheet abounds in services,
The worst of service, only of the eyes.
He that doth feed on thee *Poetick Mun*,
Must change himself to a *Camelion*:
For all thy Diet,, and choice Bill of Fare,
Is only words, and that's but wind and air.

FRANCISCUS ASTON *Capt.*

Militiæ Puerilis.

A Diæteticall Institution.

Chap. I.

WHileſt I intend a wholſome *Diet-Rule*, (*Schoole*,
And write of Meats and Drinks from *Phyſicks*
It ought to be preſum'd our ſtate is good,
And that we have to buy our daily Food:
For what hath he to do to vex his thought
How he ſh ould eat, that hath no victuals bought?
Wherefore we do amand Duke *Humphrey*'s Gueſt,
For their Proviſion truly is o'th' leaſt.
A Dog doth fare much better with his bones,
Than thoſe whoſe table meat and drink are ſtones:
But that *great Duke* is out of houſe and home,
And his grand Palace is a *Den* become;
But not ſo good as is the *Lions den*,
Or *Foxes holes*, there's ſcraps for many men;
There is no Ordinary of News and Talk,
No not ſo much is left as *Weymarks* Walk,
No not ſo much (if you will pleaſe to go in)
Doth th' head remain of Welch Cozen *Owen*;
Who for this violence done unto his name
Will riſe and pay her with an *Epigram*:
He was ſet up with ſuch a peaking Face,
As if to th' *Humphreyans* h' had been ſaying Grace;
That word doth hint our buſineſs, doth as well
As if I'd heard the *Colledge Buttry-bell*.

Then firſt we ſhall rehearſe in humble Rimes
What time and hour we mount our Belly-chimes;
For it doth ſtand with excellent reaſon
To have for meats, as other things, a *Seaſon*.
For ſo it was ordain'd by our *Creator*,
(And ſtill perform'd by *naturated nature*)
The Earth, the Air, the Sea, (would y' have more
Than ſuch an able triple *Providore*?)
With tempeſtivous delicacies ſtrive,
To pleaſe us in a various nutritive:
And with ſucceſſive courſes interchanging,
They have for every time a ſeverall ranging;
No *Anlicus*, *Culman*, no nor *Clerk*,
Shew ſuch a bill of Fare as was i'th' Ark:
And as by Couples they to *Noah* came
To be preſerved, they do the very ſame
To us to be deſtroyed; for Maſter *Venter*
Conſumeth all that into it doth enter:
It is for this luxurious *Anthony*,
And puired vice, our *Cleopatry*,
The ranſackt Elements do not afford
Enough Proviſion for the Bed and Boord.
Would it not prove thy whole Arithmetick
To caſt in Cyphers what is ſpent by th' week?
(Friend *Noah*) in this great Metropolis,
Without the Tavern ſtyle, of *Bread* and *Cheeſe*,
What droves of Higlers poſt in from the Fens
With Fowls moſt *Epicene*, both Cocks and Hens?
Of all which company I don t enjoy
One Duck, and yet related to a *Coy*.
But oh the heads we ſee of greater heards!
Not *Io* was ſo fair when *Iove* afeard,
(That *Iuno* did ſuſpect her ſelf cornute)
Had turn'd his delicate Lady to a Brute:
Nor when himſelf was pleas'd a *Bull* to lowe,
Could he our two late *Fanſen Beeves* out-ſhow?

The

The wayes on every rode are all blockt up
With the whole family of those that *Tap*:
Who all like other innocents come
Unto these Shambles, to receive their doom.
St. *Lukes* is past, and *Rumford* rode doth whine,
As if that *Circe* were alive with Swine:)
'Piggs have their *Tide* too, and there is a *Fare*
'For those, who in their lives most filthy are.
How many Babies on S. *Margrets* Hill
(If all that name to her continue still)
Lie pil'd in Tray (as they were wont in Trough)
And yet (as if there were not Pigg enough)
Old *Bartholmew* with Purgatory Fire
Destroyes the *Babe* of many a *doubtfull Sire*:
Nor doth the Sea deny his vast supplies,
In greater Fishes and the lesser Fries,
As to our cost, the *street o'th' name* can tell,
How cheap soe're the Fish, the dressing's fell.
The very *King of Fish* his season knows,
And in vast shoals his just obedience shews;
So all the rest of that blew Monarchy
Follow their leader, all resolv'd to die.
How do the painted Mack'rell load our Shallops?
And lest they smell, do put the winds to th' gallop.
Lord, what a din the Sluts at *Billingsgate*
Do make about the tother cast of Sprats!
And open more their monstrous mouths in vain,
Than do their Oysters against tide or rain:
Nor may we pass the place where Chimney-sweep
Doth now instead o'th' Cross his station keep:
* There is a *Cornucopia* walk but thorough,
(Where is the like, except at *Edenburough*?)
Oh had our Sister Burrough such a fate,
T' have had her double stalls of Flesh and Plate,
Her name might then have *Eden* been, whereas
For want of both she came e'ne where it was;

* In Cheapside where the Herb-market was, but now without a Writ removed into S. *Paul's* Ch. yard.

And so retains unto this Nations sorrow,
From *our lost gewds*, the last part of it borrow.
But I believe the Sallads of the place,
And Physicall Herbage, for a twelve-months space
Would be too great a fraight and summe to trie
The bank o'th' *Caledonick* Pedlary.
And now I think 'tis time the Bill of Fare,
Given in and read, for Dinner to prepare.

Chap. II. Question I.

(a) An *Arabian* Physitian.
(b) A Diet-Directory so called.
(c) The great Gut.

WHat time and hour is best to eat at? Answer,
(a) As *Rasis* doth advise in his (b) *Almansor*,
(Now *Rasis* was in Physick a *sage Solon*)
After our former meats have pass'd grand (c) Colon,
And the *Saburra* of the place unloaded,
No longer meat, no longer drink be avoided:
A little exercise, but not to sweat,
Excites the duller appetite to eat:
Soon as the eager Gentleman is rais'd
Fall on a Gods name (that's with *God be prais'd*:)
Do not defraud him, nay, we can't, I fear,
Hope to dissuade, where there is ne're an ear.
But as it happens at a *Lord Mayors Shew*
(For greater Festivals we do not know)
It is so long before the hundredth dish
Is plac'd, and the *Sword-bearer* to his wish,
Hath chang'd the Sword o'th' City for a Knife
(Sharp as the Carver) so did tew to th' life,
And laid about most powerfully (his heat
And the sharp humour laid) doth no defeat:

Then

'Then or with vinegar or violets ſyrrup,
'You may this lazy couchant Lion ſtir up;
But if you have not any of thoſe at hand,
(I hope hot water may be at command)
Not *Aqua vita* (though a dramme for crude
And pituitous ſtomacks may be good:)
But here 'tis *Æſops heated water* meant,
Which once tane down, the ſtomack upward ſent:
After relouncing, if the ſtomack bray
(Like a ſharp Aſs, for thiſtles or for hay)
Give its *demenſum*, let it feed *pro more*
On any meat that is ſet down before ye;
And for the *quoties*, let it as it wont
(Unleſs ſome vitious cuſtome's paramont)
Then by degrees relinquiſh that, not ſudden,
'No haſty thing is good, ſcarce haſty pudding,
Twice in a day, or what's more temperate,
Thrice in two dayes, or as 'tis forc'd of late,
(*Once in a day*) for ſqueez'd & dreyn'd Revenue
Is good to feed the bellies lank Retinue;
Take't from a prudent Prince, who'l tell ye,
By no means make a Cloke-bag of your belly. (*d*)

(*d*) That is, to carry double proviſion for two meals.

CHAP.

Chap. III.

Vpon the Appetite, and custome of eating.

AS we have us'd for *Custome* (as a *second Nature*, is by learn'd (*a*) *Averroes* reckon'd)
So still persist, for it is good for men
To eat what they are wont, saith *Avicen*;
For totall change of diet cannot be
Commended, nor from hence hath warranty.
Nor we mean here, like *Henry* of *Narar*,
(The happy Thunderbolt of the *French war*)
(Who angry with his chiding Confessor,
'Cause he enjoyned frequent penance for
His often Peccadilloes, 'gainst the breach
Of the seventh Precrept, and did Doctrines teach
Of conjugall charity) this Prince wroth,
Confin'd the *Priest* to *Capon* and *white Broth*
For constant diet, twas a dish he lov'd,
But for so long continuance not approv'd.
The Story's known, apply but meat to wives,
But does not hold in things we treat with knives:
More than one dish may be by us accosted,
Whether the fare be baked, sodden, or rosted:
The *Crambe* of one dish a *Greek* 'twould kill,
If he's enforc'd to feed upon it still:
Nor (*b*) *Epicurus* like, or like his drove,
To gurmundize and Jerse it do we prove,
And wish to find the lechry of Provant,
Philoxenus his neck, or Cormorant.
This were to be a *Wood* or *Maxriot*,
Two *English Hellùas* for his daily pot,
The heads of Beasts, with their appertinance,
Entrails and all, would not a meal advance.

(*a*) Another *Arabian* Physitian and grand Philosopher, called for his expositions of *Aristotle* the *Commentator*.

(*b*) *Epicurus*, another Philosopher.

(*c*) A jerse is an animall, that eats so much untill it is forced to get betwixt two cleft parts of a tree for exenteration, that is, unloading, *vid.* my uncle *Pliny*, & *Alian de varia historia*.

Such

Such throats (as Cormorants are us'd in game)
Should be ſtring-throtled, or the poor will blame;
No, rather do, as we in ſundry places
In his *Almanzor* are advis'd by *Raſis*,
Make an election of your food (and where
There's choice, one diſh is not preſum'd the cheer)
Nor have at all, for then we eat a Muſſe,
That is not manly, Swine do onely thus.
Then let our meats themſelves be ſimply good,
Yet one mans poyſon is anothers food:
And what our palate takes and cuſtome likes,
Though not ſo nouriſhing, will paſſe the pikes,
I mean the Paliſadoes of the face,
Which have, in point of eating, the firſt place;
For manduration and our thorough chewing
Prepares what is into the ſtomack going,
And doth facilitate the work o'th' place,
(Which doth not gobbets like, nor gubbins baſe)
For as it goes it payes a certain toll
To th' palate, doth that Avenue controll;
There it receives an introductive change,
Before it come into the ſtomacks range:
And therefore Brawn, though a moſt lufty meat,
Is no wayes for a toothleſſe Dame to eat,
Beſide the hazard, which way ere 't ſhould ſlip,
(Or down the throat, or back to the diſh skip;)
Without good chewing it would lie to heavy
For th' *Aqua vitæ* bottles us'd Replevy:
Yet unto ſuch, whoſe conſtitution,
Like *Cato's*, needs no contribution
Of Counſels, nor of doſe from Medicil Art,
(Who for his proper ſafety had a part
Of pitiful Phyſick, in moroſer adage,
Teaching all cures by *vomit* and by *Cabadge*,
So did preſerve unto a wondrous length
His Iron ſides, and almoſt Oſtrich ſtrength.)

(Par-

(Pardon the ſpace of this Parenthaſis)
To ſuch we ſay, Athletick bulks as his;
Diet that's ſimply bad you may not give,
He might with *Cabbadge*, not with *Hemlock* live:
Let us I pray be rightly underſtood,
You may eat bad, but not your baſeſt food;
Nor bad at all, if it diſguſt, but naughty
And pleaſing meat does well, as hath been taught ye.

CHAP. IV.

Of the order of Refection.

LEt not your checquer'd Table crack with diſhes,
Pil'd like a ſtructure with Land-Beaſts and Fiſhes;
'For multitude of meats, as well as books,
'Diſtracts the brain, and belly likewiſe looks
For a digeſtion, t' eat at all, or read
Without it, ſhews rather haſt than good ſpeed:
The brain or ſtomack, if o're-cloy'd
By ſuperfluities, are both doſtroy'd:
Nature hath but one Cook, then ſend not in
The ſtudied work of ten Cooks managing;
It would be thought a wonder amongſt men,
If one Eſurient Cook ſhould eat up ten.
Thence comes corruption, when that Cook is tir'd,
Gives o're the work, and in the kitchin mir'd:
Oh how he fumes! all *Cooks* are *Cholerick*,
And ſends his vapours crude and flegmatick
About the houſe (makes a foul houſe with all)
Diſeaſes *ſpring* is *Cacochimicall*.

Next, let your lighter meats, and the ſubtiler
Be faln upon before the groſs and viler.
Wherefore my *Don*, not *Don Quixot*, I mean,
(For ſuch proviſion ſeldome there was ſeen)
At ſecond courſe begins, and to be brief,
Eats (if he have it) at the laſt his beef.
Take heed, good *Simon*, how you ſup your broth,
Much miſchief comes through the accuſtom'd ſloth
And negligence of Cooks, both he and ſhe,
Of all ſuch Cooks, *cleanly* come thou to me:
Not ſifting Oatmeal, and the ingredients,
Which make your Mattin-cawdle liquaments,
Is cauſe, that frequently moſt durty Atomes
In ſilver Cup go toward the Ladies botomes:
'Now, though that blind men uſe to ſwallow flies,
'They would not ſurely, if they had their eyes.
This may be help'd yet, by a wholſome drainer,
(If that you think the caution's not the vainer.)
To things more pertinent we will proceed,
('Yet a good Poet died by a * Grapes ſeed) *An Acreon.
No man will therefore (I do mean that wiſe is)
Contemn us for our mean, but true adviſes:
But as our various dinner is a fault,
So is our *ſtay*, and long *remove o'th' Salt*;
It is not good (like *Dutch*) *I can't Dutch ſpreaken*,
To ſit at Table till our bellies breaken:
Feed untill midnight, and chareſs all commers,
And think all Phyſick is in crowned Rummers.
A dang'rous cuſtome, and doth cauſe the ſtivers
To march apace into their *intrail-drivers*.
Oh how our Farriers thrive by fitting drenches
For many a *Hogen Mogen*, *Men* and *Wenches*!
But ſhall we eat at all? or what? you'l ſay
Yes, yes, you ſhall, and ſhall no longer ſtay.
Since that in Winter 'twas my hap to write,
Actuall hot meats are beſt for th' appetite:

And when the Summers pleaſing heat is come,
Let *actual cold meats* be i'th' others room:
Think not all *hots* are of the Po'tage-pot,
Nor nothing cold but what its dreſſing got
The night before, but what by nature is,
Or hot or cold, are ſo with emphaſis:
Wherefore thoſe things, whoſe quality's ſo cold,
As if made ſo by ſnow, from them withhold;
Or whoſe intenſive heats (without the fire)
Do warm, to eat have not too much deſire:
Lubrick, that's glibbery, and the meat that's moiſt
And juicy, before drier fare accoſt;
Sweet meats, and *ſawce that's ſowr* (though an old Saw)
Is a good Rule in *Avicenna*'s Law;
So mix your cold and hot, your moiſt and dry,
That neither have a grand predominancy:
And with theſe four precautions you may dine,
For contraries do their own ſelves refine:
And while they ſtrive each to be Maſter,
The broken Elements are ſafeſt poſture;
So they do rarely temperate become;
Such Wars produce a Peace, tis Pipe and Drum;
Wherefore let fat and unctious Swines-fleſh ſwimme
In ſharp and ſawces tart up to the brimme:
Methinks it is a Diſh highly *abhorrens*
To ſee a Pig *bemeaſl'd* all in *Currans*.
D' you ask what place is beſt to take repaſt in?
(Not ſuch as mine, for that's a place to faſt in:)
But you that have your reſidence for food,
The cooleſt place, except the Cellar,'s good;
And ſometimes I have known that hath been us'd,
And for its cooſneſſe ought not be refus'd:
But for its *heat*, as from a *noli me*
Tangere, flye, for there the Bottles lye:
And ever ſince *Eraſmus* call'd it Hell,
You might in one as welll as th'other dwell.

In

In that with liquid fire they'r hard put to't,
In this God *Bacchus* is drunk up in boot:
Certes this cuſtome is in memory,
The pretty *Bulchins Cradle was a Thigh.*
But in the Summer your coole um-brages,
And hid Receſſes be your Diet-ſtages,
Provided that no intervemient wind
Through doores or creviſes nor ſtrain'd aire find
Acceſſe unto the place, for tis debated,
And found, the worſt of air is preco-lated;
But chiefly chuſe a ventilated place,
When that the Sun is in his higheſt race:
For native heat's by that extracted much,
Juſt as the fires, if Sun-beams do it touch;
But interpoſe a Screen, or elſe the Maid
Your fire's preſerv'd, your ſtomack by the ſhade.
But if you have no ſuch *Sycamor* places,
Eat at an hour that's cool then (ſaith my *Raſis*)
After meat taken, reſt, or ſleep, ſaith he,
Sleep not, ſay ſome, *The Doctors diſagree*:
Revive *Mayerne*, and he will bid you ſleep,
Old *Paddy* bid you ſmoke, your eyes ope keep:
I'm for the later Knight, my patron, who
Gave me his Colledge, ſhall give Counſel too.

Chap. V.

Of Meats in generall.

THe first considerable food is *Bread*,
Which *He* in Sacred Prayer hallowed,
Who in that Prayer κατ' ἐξοχὴν (which bears
Itshigh-sprung Makers name, and to all years,
Must stand *Matrix* of holy *Liturgies*,
And be both *Form* and *Part* o'th' Services,
Better than all the *whole*) the platform lead,
Of whom to ask, and wherewith to be fed.
Our daily bread includes, as in a word,
The All-abundance of our fullest board:
And he whose belly's full with bread alone,
(And blessing 'fore and after) were't a stone,
Shall find a satisfaction in his fare,
As great as if h' had din'd with my Lord May'r:
There is a tast of this Religion,
Who dares not write so large as Dr. *Brown*.
Now to our Phisical design, we treat,
Therefore the civiliz'd part o'th' world with Wheat,
The *Bread compacted*, and most stoutly kneaded,
Sifted most clean from *bran*, and as it needed,
Salted and *leaven'd* by your Barm and Quick'ning,
And throughly bak'd, will keep you best from sick'ning;
'Tis light and tart, as your good housewives say,
And makes i'th' body a convenient stay:
For cleansed from its Bran, which makes it swift
Of passage, and is onely good for drift,
Or scouring hands or pewter, or the hair,
(But for the rich Jessimy Butters rare,
And Mr. *Cutbeard's* Powder) it will fix,
And till a due egestion moves it, sticks:

And

And *oven-bak*'d is beſt, the *hearth* is poor,
And onely fit for *Caledonian Boor*;
Except their Oat-cakes, nothing doth me pleaſe,
Nor *Solan Geeſe*, *Bannock*, nor *Barnacles*:
And ſpungy let it riſe by its quick leaven,
For bread unleaven'd is not eaſily driven
Out of the ſtomack, but doth ſtay too long,
And by its pains doth do the belly wrong:
It makes obſtruction in the *Liver*, and
Who would imagine Bread ſhould turn to Sand?
Or to a Stone? its evil quality
Doth ſlime the reins, and there doth *petrifie*.
The *Bread of Barley*, the tough plowmans food,
Is colder nutriment, and not ſo good:
But thoſe who ſweat, and ſwink, and thwack, like ſtentors,
will digeſt ſtones, if on them they adventure;
But otherwiſe that Bread doth little nouriſh;
Tis windy too, and makes the *Colick* flouriſh,
And cauſeth cold diſeaſes, binds the belly,
And lies quieſcent like a coſtive jelly.
As other grains are in their natures, ſo
Is the Bread is made of any Dough:
Bean-bread is flatulent and courſe,
But good for thoſe have ſtomacks like a horſe;
So *Turnip-bread*, a new and late deviſe,
To fatten Hogs and Horſes in a trice;
The curſe of all *Corn-Chandlers*, who, by that
Project, do keep their grain for the old Rat.
Laſtly, your Bread, when *hot*, by no means eat,
Nor butter'd loaves, they'r clungy clogging meat,
And bung the intrails up, you cannot make
A paſſage, though you down long confects take;
Yet 'tis *Scholars break faſt* of the *Times*,
Which makes them of ſuch pregnancy in Rimes.
Yet if *hot loaves* you do account ſo dear,
You may for worms apply 'um to your ear.

CHAP.

Chap. VI.

Of Drinks, and first of Wine

WHilest I do write thy profits, and the good
Thou dost confer (plump Grapes most noble blood)
Ineither have nor call for helps from thee,
Thou voucht infuser of high Poetry;
It is enough for those who write thy praise,
Such as my Father *Ben*, whose head with bayes,
Scarce yet inherited, thou justly crown'dst,
To be *Silenus* like, well souc'd and plounc'd
In essences of Sack, whence spirits follow,
Richer and higher than his own *Apollo*.
Let those thy brave and warm contagions boast,
Who do recite to th' profit of their hoast
And club-delight, whate're th' hesternall fire,
(Not at next meeting quencht) did fore-inspire:
A long forgetfulnesse hath seiz'd my soul,
Nor have I felt thy flames since *Henham* Bowl;
The cooler *Hypocrene* is spurn enough,
And the cleer liquor headed from the hoof
Of the wing'd *Courser*, serves for such poor stuff,
As humbly now comes forth his Muses Cell,
Well-hal in *Kent*, the Manour of Mr *Roper*, of the descent of the late Sir Tho. Moor, *L. Ch. of Engl.* Is suitable, and hath its name from *Well*;
Yet we will yield thee a just Elogie,
Far from a strain'd and wrackt Hyperbole,
Whereby it shall appear thy fotive fire,
Was present in our wish; and full desire
We say, and prove, thou art that nutritive
That keeps the spirits and the soul alive:
And thy known pregnant operations joyns
Those cognate paires, as to thine *Elmes*, *are Vines*,

Suppor-

Supporting thoſe moſt rare Auxiliaries *(b)*
By thine allied and ſubtile offices:
So that Dame *(c)* *Pſyche* doth no ſervant more
(Being abſent long) than thine own ſelf deplore:
At thy returns (for *Queens* do love and keep
Their State too) though in ſorrows plunged peep,
Shee is reviv'd, and her quick actions prove,
Her alter'd inſtruments and her cloſe love.
'For thy affinity is ſuch, ſo like
'With naturall heat, that as the flint doth ſtrike
'Sparkles and fire, the ready tinder takes
'The darted Stars, and a glad union makes:
So when thy vigorous cheriſhing gleams
Reflect upon our blew and purple ſtreams,
They all receive an influence from Thee,
And their alliance forthwith gratifie:
Then as a loyall kinſman would, thou doſt
Nouriſh and heal, and doſt expel the froſt,
Both naturall and Chriſtian away flies,
At thy approaches cold, and crudities:
And in the Chriſtian Froſt thou art as brief,
'Making th' afflicted to forget his grief;
The groſſer blood thou ſtreight doſt clarifie,
No *Scavenger* in all the world like *Thee*,
Who by no tricks of Dung-carts new or old
Cleanſeſt the purple * channell when tis foul'd.
Then to the common ſhore of blood thou goeſt,
And all obſtruction from the liver throweſt;
And thy new buſh, not broom, ſweeps clean,
And mundifies the ſinck of All, the Spleen.
What miſty vapour, or opacous fume
Dare ſtay, when that thy excellence is come?
'As if ſome unthought Prince had faln from high,
'(Loſt in opinion, and to th' common eye)
'His half incredulous friends, 'twixt joy and fear,
'Dare not believe, nor dare not doubt him there;

(b) The Spirits

(c) The Soul.

* The Veins.

'But

'But setled in a view instead of Bels
'And Bonefires, the heart flames, the pulse beats peals.
So at reception of this Prince of Drinks,
The exalted hearrt it self in Paradise thinks,
And every member of its warmed Trunk
Shoots out, and leaps, though once 'twere sinew-shrunk.
Joy is dispers'd, and the relieved soul
Doth all her ransom'd Ministers controul;
A noble boldnesse doth possesse the *mind*,
To suffer injuries of any kind,
Not to commit the least, and she dares do
What in her shrivel'd state she fear'd to shew.
Magnanimous indeed, and prone to seek,
Adventures, and her self t' expres and speak,
Not as the over-heated valiant Swine
(Pot-pertinacious sometimes, but not Wine.)
But these are sober Animosities,
Which raise our wisdomes, as our Fantasies,
Which coupled friendly in a social heat,
They can the tract of any business beat.
'Wherefore let Proclamation forthwith be,
'That every Sex and Age have liberty
'At any time, to tast this precious juice,
'Whose vertues are so high, so good his use.
And for the *Quantum?* or how much we may,
(Methinks the Vintners cry, Tel's that I pray,
That the last Impost by a general draught
May be forgot, and the sunk price out-quaft;)
And truly, so it will make friends, we may
Drink what our natures well can bear away,
And the firm habits of unspoiled brains
'(Some drink not freely, but are in wine-chains)
Can gallantly discharge, without a spoil
Unto our purse, or to our souls a soil.
(a) Treacle. Now Wine is wondrous like *Theriaca*, (a)
So strange his various numerous vertues play;

Cold

Cold humours it doth heat, infrigidates hot,
Moiſtens the dry, and where tough moiſture's got,
Extenuates; ſuch *Protean* qualities
Hath the rare Plant, that ſmokes before our eyes:
Of both which excellent creatures, *Wine* and *Smoke*,
I dare affirm, that were you like to choke
With thirſt, the one or tother ſhall your droughth
Aſſwage, before the cooleſt water down your mouth.
Now take what *Raſis* ſaith, Wine doth retard
Old age, and all its lazy flegmatick guard:
Unto the ſtomack 'tis the ſworn *Epheſtion*,
Corroborates, and miniſters digeſtion.
But after all theſe Panegyrick ſhews,
There is, beware, a *Serpent* in the cloſe;
I mean not that is drank with Vipers in't,
But in every Butt that paſſeth by the pint.
'If you abuſe it to undecencies,
'And murder it in ſuperfluities,
'The vertue's loſt, and in the vacant place
'Your own Diſeaſes come, and Wine's diſgrace:
'The dry'd up Liver, and the trembling Nerves,
'Caus'd from the moiſtned brains, return'd reſerves:
Contracting Spaſms, and cold Apoplexie,
Abuſed Grapes, conſpired friends will vex ye.

CHAP. VII.

Of Meath or Metheglin.

THe Bee, that ſubtil and induſtrious creature,
Of pains incredulous, but little feature,
Doth from the profits of his balmy thighs,
For lazier men, hive up his ſweet ſupplies:
If from the eater honey came, the bee
Both emblem is and child of induſtry.
Madam, your ſelf is an unwinged Bee,
Diſdain not (Lady) this mean ſimile,
When the grand Plato, learned, grave and wiſe,
Deſcrib'd a man by theſe two differences,
Unfeather'd and two-legg'd, ſo in a mock,
They ſent him home his own man, a pluckt cock:
When that I ſaw more then Hyblean skill,
And Bees to have but one art, you what you will;
The Ants and Graſhoppers ſubmit to you,
And think themſelves but drones when you'r in view;
Your various artifices your ſex diſgrace,
(Ev'n unto painting skill'd, all but the face)
It put me to an Emulation then,
(Oh that there were no other ſtrifes 'mongſt men)
To ſee a Lady of ſuch diligences,
Of more Profeſſions Miſtreſs then of Senſes:
And I that paid for dearly what they call,
Howe're the ſeven endowments liberall,
(But fooliſh purchaſer took but ſmal ware
For money and time, the which was far more rare)
Could not for all my ſeven years penniworth,
Shew ſo good arts as you did then hold forth;
Nay I profeſs it, were experience made,
(Excepting in this ſcribling quibling trade)

The

The exigent put, you would your fortunes carve,
In any part o'th' world, tnd I might ſtarve;
Nay in my very ſubject, if you pleaſe,
You could out-vy me too in recipes,
And teach the medling fool to be more quiet.
And come to Henham-hall to ſtudy diet;
Where Metheglin ev'ry winter morn,
With toſt and tankard to our lips are born:
For honey is exceeding hot (ſaith *Raſis*)
And is high food for bodies cold, and places:
The pearl o'th' morning genders blood and choler,
So one way good, and th' other naught for ſcholar:
But for complexions ſanguine, ſuch as mine,
It is leſs wholſom, then a little wine;
But to cold perſons, and of ſinews weak,
And flegmatick, and Ladies ſtomack-ſick,
It is a high and ſure corroborator,
As ſaith our Avacena's commentator:
The ways to make it are ſo many, I
Had rather drink a cup of't, then deſcry.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Ale.

DRnk famous, infamous, prais'd and diſprais'd,
From ſtygian lakes, that's muddy harbours rais'd
From common ſhores and father Ben's adventures,
How dar'ſt thou boiled bog or muzzles enter?
But when the keen chenoketh blows ſat Bumpkin,
Who will refuſe to drink thee in a Rumpkin?
Enough is written for thee, pro and con,
Yet ſince hops came thy name is almoſt gon:

But that the Alderman hath cleans'd thy tide,
And makes us wish thee yet amongst us Bide.
And Huff of famous memory, that Huff,
Who to his ale had no sign but his ruff;
That, and his ale most smooth, did so well work,
The house was full of Christian and of Turk;
And in demulsing lubrick mornings drafts,
A good estate into old Huff was quaft,
What is ale good for? look against his doors,
And you shall see them rotted with ale-showrs:
It hath this speciall commendation,
To cleanse the ureter, and break the Stone:
Just as a feather-bed the flint doth break,
So th' other stone your North-down-ale alike:
Thy mother Batly is an enemy
To th' nerves, that makes men stagger after thee,
Drunk beyond Huffs demensum, who did stint
In's regular ruff, his guests unto a pint.
(But at one session) yet go forth, and face
About, and then you might take tother glasse:
Windy thou art, whethr in bottles close
Corkt up a pris'ner, and as bad let loose;
Yet foul and gravell'd reins thou dost make terse,
Not made too strong, and by good store, disperse:
'Tis weight, as much as vertue, does that feat,
Tunbridge and Barnet, of opinion great,
Are no more soveraign then the wholsom spring,
To which sir Thomas gave a covering:
And bowls in chains, the aged man can tell,
When Barnet fails, those waters sell as well
To consend citizens, yet we can't deny.
Ta many baths specifick quality:
But chiefly (as by parentage I'm bound)
I like the wells in Wellingborrough-ground;
Whose spring's renoun'd for vertue uterine,
And still is famous for our pregnant queen.

But

But to our ale (and there is humming ſtuff
As good as any tinker did ere cuff.)
Thoſe who indulge themſelves to too much wines,
Allay that heat by thee, and cool their chines:
Onely like nitty ſack it leaves a tail,
And lies in the clung'd throat moſt roapy ale,
But daughter of the tother mother, wheat,
And mixt with mint or ſmallage, thou art neat;
And ſage or wormwood in a ſmall degree,
Do clear thy fog, and groſsneſs clarifie:
But now theſe later knowing dayes have made
Thee fit infuſion for our phyſick-trade:
The Lettices of ale-compounded ſhops
Are now as numerous as thoſe of hops:
There's ſcarce a ſtreet in which our worſhips go in,
But that thy name in ſome new mode doth crow in;
A proper word, ſince every where they drape on,
In live ale or mortified Cock or Capon;
The phyſick of the Spring and Fall is ale,
And bags of drugs and Simples by ſea ſail,
As they were returning from the Indies,
To be ingredients for this woort ſo windy:
Had *Culpeper* but ſtrain'd his faculties,
And ſtead of what he did tranſlated this
Into ſome forreign Countrey, and not Tongue,
He had the nation been the prime among:
But now *Riverus* and the Staple-book
Of Compoſitions, on him ſcurv'ly look,
For proſtituting the art; for no Bawd,
Moral or civil, can our Verſe applaud;
Vehiculum of every drug, I may
Call thee moſt aptly by the name of *Dray*;
Nay to the very arts of Schools thou'rt come,
By ſad exchange of rods for *lotium*,
And made moſt ſwingeing ale for butts,
I mean the place *ecentra* to the guts:

Tra-

Tradition pleads for thee (for ale is old)
And since thy sad disuse, the world is bold
To charge the Stone i'th' body, and the Church,
Upon thy vale Doctors make a search,
And try if Heresy, and that sharp pain
From ale's desertion, did not footing gain.

CHAP. IX.

Of Beere.

Beer is a hop remov'd from ale, the hop
from a damn'd weed is a common crop:
'So things condemn'd and censur'd, are retain'd,
'Because forbidden, it more credit gain'd:
Yet if maturely rotted, where no fault
Is in the beer by foul and wively malt,
Well kept and lodg'd, and purged by the sea,
Or Marches two, it may probatum be:
But indigested hops and unboil'd beer
Make Doctors Jubile ev'ry year:
Some anti-hoppists are for broom, and make
The blessed Carduus, that infusion lake.
This last is physick-drink, and your broom-beer
Is bitter, and to wood-dry'd malt is near;
But gentle Purle is good, and botled best;
And Twist is good, so sings Will Hoopers guest.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of Fleſh-meats in generall.

IT is an an axiom in Philoſophy,
That every like its like is nouriſht by:
Wherefore conſid'ring that we'r fleſh and blood,
And fleſh and blood is our moſt proper food;
But generall rules have their exception,
Grammer and Nature in like orders run,
For whom all things were made; Man paramount,
Lord of the creature, may the creature count,
His diet and his ſlaves, he may eat all,
Except himſelf, he is no Caniball:
And though unto a proverb it is true,
Man is a woolf to man; 't ſhould not be ſo:
For the moſt rav'nous of creatures do forbear,
And don't themſelves a dire proviſion tear;
That ſow's unfed will their dead babies eat,
And hounds do make the noble horſe their meat,
Is not enough to make a preſident, no,
But what is alwayes, or plerumque, ſo;
The princely Eagle, and the Buzzard baſe,
Feed not on birds when offal's in the place;
So at the Samaria's ſiege, the King did give
A ſentence for that child that was alive,
Not of the dead, for grand neceſſity,
And famine's nurſe to Anthropophogie.
This doth not hinder then, but ſtill a Theſis
Holds Fleſh is food generall, and pleaſes;
Nothing ſo fattens, ſo corroborates,
Nothing the body's life-guard ſo creates.
(The red coat blood, in blew coat veins of State)

The

The yellow coat's of cholar, flegmatick,
Of white and blak coats that i'th' reer doth ſtick;
Of earthly melancholy, who'd ſuppoſe
His body did four Regiments incloſe?
Wherefore the perſons that do feed ſo high,
Have often need of good Phlebotomy:
For fleſh proviſion of all ſorts doth heat,
Wherefore in Feavers we preſcribe ſmall meat,
Or none at all, unleſs the Patient pleaſe,
Spight of advice, to feed his own diſeaſe;
The fleſhy ſubſtance ſtripped off 't, the fat
Doth nouriſh beſt, and leſſer harms creat:
Strengthens the ſtomack, and doth kindly lie
For coction, Suns much ſuperfluity.
Herculean bodies and *Pyracmon* ſides
Can digeſt Garlick, and the Onion fry'd;
Butter and bacon may devour and ſwallow,
Yea, and put over too a Beev's whole tallow:
Athletick bodies we provide nor for,
Nor yet for *Wood*, nor the ſharp *Counſelor*;
But ſedentary men of little pains
Muſt not with ſuch groſs ſtuff anoynt their veins:
A lighter diet, and a *modicum*,
Little and often food their ſtates become.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Of Wood-Animalls.

NOw we are in a *Wood*, yet no ſuch *Wood*,
As girts *your* palace, nor the Deer ſo good;
Where in ſome ſummer walks with early thought,
The velvet drove I to acquaintance brought;
As known to them almoſt as were your keepers,
(Scholers and Forreſters are little ſleepers)
I had my walks, my *Hamadryades*,
But his ſhrill *Syrinx* did out ecchо theſe
Oaten and ſlender pipes, though not ſo vocall,
Which have their Forreſt too, but 'tis not locall:
Poets have all things in their *fancy*, good,
So the poetick man is alwaies *Wood*;
And as old writings were on barks of trees,
Without a Figure Books are Copices,
And ſuch a *Rus*, and in *Feneſtra* too
Is mine, Beaſts ſubject, Trees a Book or two;
And I your *fable* Forreſter, yet *Iohn a Green*
In heart, am frequent in my night-walks ſeen,
Where if I like a Fawn o'th' nobler head,
With all haſt (Madam) to your ſelf 'tis ſped.
Creatures o'th' Wood are wooden Animals,
That is, are dry, compar'd to Beeves of ſtalls,
The houſhold creatures, which by eaſe do fat,
And nothing of their fleſh evaporate,
Yeild a more jucy nutriment, then Deer,
Cutting half knife in fat, meat for a *Peer*;
The active tenants of the incloſed Wood,
By conſtant motion cleanſe their chafed blood,
And ratifie their ſpirits by Levaltos,
Like the rare Turk, in all your pleaſant *Saltus*;

Beſides their ſcituation, hot and dry,
Doth alwaies much obeſity deny.
Who ever ſaw a Spaniard over fat?
Their Countrey-man (the SUN) prohibits that,
Who by extenſive heats exhals their moiſt,
Unleſſe perchance ſome Spaniard the Seas croſt,
And *Leiger* lay in *England*, then he might
Return a Shew, and the *Madrids* delight:
Of all that wild and noble *Caravan*,
The skipping *Kid* is ſoundeſt meat for man;
Who by his frequent exerciſe doth cure
The coldneſſe of his temper, and diſpures
The tincture of his coat and fulſome skin
Into *Ruſillus* (*a*) perfumed ſweet-balling.
Quick of digeſtion is this nimble bruit,
And paſſeth *Preſto*, and doth blood recruit;
And if the ſtomack were his *park*, he playes
His uſuall tricks, and makes no tedious ſtayes;
Domeſtick Brutes o'th' Paſture, or o'th' Down,
Of other aire, and ſeldom motion,
Are of a nouriſhing meat, but groſſer fare,
And therefore harder of digeſtion are;
'Mongſt which the *males* have the precedency,
Hotter and moiſter concoct preſently,
Before their *females*, of leſſe heat and juice,
And therefore are not of ſo prais'd a uſe:
The *gelded crew* of middle temp'rature,
Colder then males (whoſe fire doth yet endure)
Yet hotter than their females, (who deſpiſe,
Since their exection, their ſhab companies)
Do make a middle food; thus Eunuchs may,
When they are dead, ſerve for a wedding-day.
But Kid is temperate without the leaſt
Mixture of maſice, a moſt innocent beaſt:
The blood which that creates is middle ſiz'd,
Neither too groſſe, nor too much ſubtiliz'd;

(*a*) A perfumed Roman Courtier.

Neither

Neither too cold nor hot (a temper nought
In our Religion, but in Phyſick ſought)
Good for an *errant Knight*, or any thing,
Whoſe body's lightneſſe would be on the wing;
For the Repletions are gentile, yet not
So ſlender, that no nutriment is got:
Whence it appears Kid hath the Ladies love,
'Tis delicate diet, and 'tis ſmooth-skinn'd gloves.
But above all, the Infant-kids are beſt,
As we ſay, taken from the mothers breaſt,
So full of ſappy nutriment, and ſmart,
That without ſawces ſweet, alid, and tart,
You may fall on; what would we more than taſt,
And good blood breed, when juſt digeſtion's paſt?

CHAP. XII:

Of the fleſh of Lambs, Rammes Wethers and Calves.

Of *LAMBS.*

EMblem of Innocence! and yet not good?
Is Lamb a *Shynx*, not to be underſtood?
Some Butcher *Oedipus* with knife drawn out
O'th' ſcabberd of thy mouth, reſolve this doubt,
(As did *Macedo* to the *Gordian Knot*)
And in *Ænigma*'s dubious leave us not.
For your ſake (*Madam*) who a little claim,
And ſtand hard for the *Hieroglyphick* name
Of Spotleſſe Innocence, even againſt all
Lambs, but that *one*, that you your pattern call,

(*Slain from before all worlds*) I ſhall unteack
This knot, by th' help of *Rabbi Iſaak*,
Not *Idumaan Iſaak*, *Abrahams* ſon,
Who by parentall hand had like t' have gone
To ſacrifice, but that the *Angels* grace
Diſpos'd a bleating Proxie in his place;
The heir o'th' flock yean'd on the coldeſt Leaſe,
Is then worſe meat, when nurs'd upon his knees:
(Some may obedience from that poſture learn,
Nothing ſo dutifull as the yews barn)
Yet as if now we were *Herodians* all,
Nothing then Lamb comes oftner to the ſtall;
The fleſh is viſcous, and ingenders flegme,
So 'tis a bad diſh, a good *Apothegm*:
Yet when in fleſh a fair foundation's laid,
And on a diſh or two invaſion's made,
Then from your Lambkin (Madam) ne're withhold,
But let it have its courſe, be't hot or cold:
In hotter Countreys, ſuch as *Spain*, the Lamb
Gets hotter temper from his curled Dam.

DHAP. XIII.

Of Rammes.

THis goodly *buffle-head* with winding horns,
Though he looks ſcurvy, and th' whole flock ſcorns,
Yet is the groſſeſt meat; this ſurly ſir
Is good, if he exceed not his firſt year;
If well digeſted, it doth generate
Good blood, and much; but if it had the fate
To fall i'th' hands of curſt *Armenian Libbers*, (*a*)
After exection he is much the glibber;

(*a*) Cutters of Lambs.

And

And though he be a loſt Ramme, as we ſay,
To th' Yews, he's good howe're the other way;
His fleſh is temper'd by his depriv'd fire,
And having loſt his own, gets our deſire:
It hath a winning and delicious guſt,
Though Father *Galen*, whom we credit muſt,
Condemnes all Mutton, but he wrote in Townes
Where little was, and ne're ſaw *Cotſall* Downs,
Nor this ſame land of Sheep, whoſe noble wooll
Clothes the *Muſcovian*, and the great *Mogull*;
The Engliſh Fleece doth proudly paſſe the gulph,
And fears no hazard but its native Wolf;
How many Nations Fleets empty the fraughts,
And do return this Fleeces *Argonauts*?
Then for the Back it's good, and in keen hunger,
Were *Galen* here he'd be a *Mutton-monger*:
But Ramme from Wether-mutton you may know,
That's yellow, this *(a)* no cauſe hath to be ſo.

(a) Becauſe an Eunuch.

CHAP. XIV.

Of Calves.

VVElcom thou Increment of *Bully Bove*,
(Or when a Bull, why not as well of *Iove*?)
A *Calfe*, ſaith *Averroes*, is brave food,
Of temperate blood, not viſcous, cold, but good,
And hath a flavour and odorous guſt,
And therefore before Kid, his praiſe is juſt:
For though the Kid we did extoll but now,
'Twas 'mongſt his *Montaneirs*, ſo we allow:
But for Calves fragrancies, we'r none of thoſe,
That for our diet will be led by th' noſe,

Al-

Although it is confeſs'd by all (forſooth)
The Calves head's ne're without its own *ſweet tooth*;
To make no *long taile* of it then, it breeds
Humours moſt fine, and therefore cleanlier feeds.
But fleſh of Bulls and Oxen, *thoſe* Calfe's ſire,
Theſe Uncles (better by their loſſe of fire)
Breed black, and much, and melancholy blood,
Our veins of blew are made a ſable flood;
And as alive we Bulls do ſtiff-necks call,
So are they too *Knock-downed* in the ſtall:
'Tis a moſt rebellious nutriment, dead,
And lies i'th' ſtomack heavy, as is lead:
It's ſlowly alter'd, turns to chyle as ſlow,
As ſlow diſſolv'd does to the members go:
It wants a goad when it is drove alive,
A Clarret goad may't through the ſtomack drive;
The lazy *Surloin*, glory of the roaſt,
And *Knighted*, and yet was never *Knight o' th' Poſt*;
Unleſſe when thou (brave (a) *Sheriff*) doſt refine
His duller blood with thy *for bon Freneh Wine*:
If by complexion men aduſt (that's ſad)
Or ſplenatick, do like this *beveridge* bad.
'Ware *Quartan Agues*, *Dropſies*, and the *Itch*,
The *Leproſie*, or *Tetter*, chuſe you which,
Dandry and *ſurfie heads*, this blood o'th' Ox
Beſtowes all theſe, *and yet the Butcher knocks*:
Wherefore moſt wiſely have our Maſters ſtated,
That *Bulls*, before they die, ſhall all be *baited*.

(a) Alderman *Robinſon*, *Coſſ. Lond.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Fleſh of Swine, Deer, Hares *and* Bears.

Firſt, *of Swine.*

MY Father (*a*) *Ben*, diſcourſing of this Grunter,
In that ſo famous Play, where old Sir *Punter*
Being turn'd *Oxlando* for the loſſe of 's dog,
Did lug the jeering buffon like a hog:
There in that celebrated *Comedy*,
(Whether my Father *Ben*, as well as I,
Met with *Arabian Comments*) the ſmart Play
Doth patly what my *ancient Authors* ſay:
There's wit to th' height, read it, and try our *Dogma*,
Whether from both the places we a Hog may
Not all alike commend; firſt *Avicen*
Sayes, Pork's moſt naturall to men, ſo *Ben*;
Hogs fleſh is likeſt mans, ſaith *Iſaak*;
The ſame again ſaith *Ben*, but adds, that Sack,
A Hogſhead full, for a *vehiculum*,
Will ſpoile its grumbling in our *medium*,
(Or middle Region of our Trunk) for Swine,
Alive or dead, will be ſtill laid with Wine.
Indeed my Father *Ben* doth there produce
A reaſon why they were denied the Jews;
Becauſe that Nutrimentall Animall
Of a provoking ſap, and *Hogon* all,
Would have diſorder'd and o're-pamper'd thoſe
Who newly come from *Egypts* hard diſpoſe:
Rebels in rough *Moſaick* Diſcipline,
How much more Rebels, had they eaten Swine?
Which makes me think the *Caledonians*,
Alike in Sins, alike in Onions,

Are

Are of affinity with the old Jews,
Both for Rebellion, both do Pork refuse.
Now of this Animall there are two sorts,
The one domestick, tother *extra Portis*,
(That wild and forreign) whose food is such
As the Wood yields, when winds do lust'ly touch,
And flaile the Oaks and Chesnuts, and the berries,
(a) Hyps and Hawes. Which Nature for the birds meant winter cherries. (*a*)
But oh the flesh of choice-fed houshold swine!
And of the quarters, the renoun'd *cold chine!*
(b) Dr. *Wilson* Musit. Laure. Eaten, or sung, or plaid by *Wilson*, (*b*) sure
For old Sir *Mammon* it were yet a lure
Sufficient to leave *Doll*, and for a bone,
To passe his part o'th' *Philosophers Stone*;
Hampshire is rare for rearing such, and may
Contend almost with black *Westphalia*;
The moister feeding is the home-fed swine,
Hotter and dryer is *Sow Peregrine*:
See the attendancy of *Suffolk* Pigs,
Fed by the *hoopt-coat* merry milking grigs,
Clensed with whey, and fatted with the same,
Or Snailes, or good Vine leaves (which Pidgeons blame)
Or else the Turnep; oh the Turnep-fed
Swine! may chance save us, Turneps being dead,
With grains, these Girles and such Hog-provender,
Will you a Porker of that fulnesse reer,
That *Circes* brood, and all her chang'd *Elpe-nors*
Cann't parallel for meat nor for demeanour:
Such dieted swine are cold and moist, a rare
Temper, and to the gust most relishing are;
But quite another thing, when dry'd by salt,
It is exuct, and laid up 'mongst the malt:
Now in hot Countreys, where out *Commentator*
Liv'd they prescrib'd the extremities o'th' creature,
(c) *Totus ponit Apros Juv.* The luggs, the leggs, the souced feet and snout,
I'm for the *Roman* way, dish it whole (*c*) out;

Or

Or as I've seen it rarely rais'd and drawn
By *Henham* cook, up to a tun of Brawn,
Where wicked mustard, yet good *Towxberry*,
Hath made the eater, not the brawner, cry;
Then from the tun too, or the three runs came
A Ganymed with Sack, and warm'd the game,
That the old Matron that did mumbling feed
Before, did after swallow't with less heed:
The infant, or the sucking baby dies
About this season, a large sacrifice; *Aug.* 24.
The wayes are throng'd, blockt up with bellies big,
(And bellies would be so) for crackled pig;
St. *Bartholmew* the great, and *Bat* the little,
Afford not room enough, but the Hospitall
Is press'd into, wherein whosoever looks,
Shall see all dressing on, chirgians and cooks:
Well fare you sisters of my native soil,
Eat pig and multiply, recruit your oyl
With unctious dier, it breeds noble chyme,
Call for the other half, and by that time
Your men will come with the reck'ning, so
You may from Pig unto the Puppets go:
And then to *Islington*, and so about,
Untill what's *pigged in be pigged out.*

CHAP. XVI.

Of the flesh of Deer.

SUppose us (Madam) in your park, where Deer
Are kept for every season of the year:
Do any ask how they'r at such command?
Then know my Lady hath Orphæan hand.
If He wild beasts by courtly musick tam'd,
You may do more, unlesse the bruits be maim'd,
And cannot come; for otherwise your stroke
Upon the Lute will spiritize an oak,
And make the Park to dance, and humbly follow
Thee as the mistress of the skill'd *Apollo*;
Thy late erected House and Garden pales,
Rose by thy hand (just as did Theban walls;)
Thy nimble fingers do so stir the Lute,
(Like *Davids* Harp) they may a Devil confute:
Brave *Gunning*, by his learned arts and tongue,
Gains not so much upon th' Anabaptist throng,
Then you upon these cognate droves, who stand
And listen (they love musick) to your hand.
I could into a wood of lawfull praises launch,
And praise the creature fully, side and haunch:
But *Rabbi Isaak* saith their flesh is hard,
(Not to be got) at *Henham* none's debarr'd:
~~Thy Husband's old Canary, and fat Buck,~~
With dogs run down, or else with arrowes stuck;
Yet they are melancholy diet, but
They all are so which are much given to rut:
The Fawns are wholsome, and the heirs digest
Better than are, or mother of the beast:
The youthfull Hart is very hot and dry,
When old, like other things, their worst is nigh:

The

The Eunuch Deer is temperate, and moſt
Pleaſurable when its pleaſure's loſt:
Troch upon troch troch troch a reverend Stagg,
He doth of age and red-Deer-paſty bragg;
And though it's dry yet let the Veniſon paſſe,
His own fat ſupples it, and tother glaſs;
It is of quick deſcenſion, and the marrow
Slides through the body from the Gutturall narrow:
And learned *Avicen* doth ſay for certain,
That thence are procreated many a Quartane:
Cauſes of Quartanes we have many ſure,
Oh for an *Avicen* could tell's the cure!
Now for concluſion, this beaſt for game
And entertainment, hath with us the name:
Know then, the body is a joviall meat,
Fit for *Squire Rous*, yea for a *Prince* to eat;
Its *upper part is Antidote*, but oh,
There's *poyſon lies i'th' taile* (the part below:)
Emblem of humane Chance! in this ſad veile
Nothing's thorough bleſt from head to taile.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Hares.

THe Rabbins ſay, the Lion ſneezing, out
Started a Cat from his Majeſtick ſnout,
Without the Pythagorean motion rare,
The Cat then ſneezing ſtarted out a Hare;
For there is nothing among creatures that
(But Hare) is melancholy as a cat;
And we do call them Puſſes both; one purres
Onely, and both are vengeance 'fraid of curres.
Hare is good ſport, as all our Gentry know,
The onely Recreation left us now;
For Playes are down, unleſs the puppet-play,
Sir William's loſt, both *Oyle* and *Opera*;
The noble Cock-fight done, the harmleſs bears
Are more then ring'd by th' noſe or by the ears:
We are ſerious people grown, and full of cares,
As melancholy as cats, as glumm as hares.
Yet though it generate the groſſeſt blood,
Then Goats and Ramms, theſe are more praiſed food.
Oh for the pretty ſucking Leveret,
(An excellent diſh if that I could it get;)
Not yet ſo dry are Conies in degree,
Moiſt are the breed of *Auburn Conigree*;
Laden with kidneys white, what can you lack,
Except a glaſs of *Squire Bond*'s *Ogburn Sack*?

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Beares.

TEll me you traders for the Greenland wares,
(For you know beſt) what diet are the Bears?
Not onely the left ſhoulder, I believe,
But the whole Bear is Ven'ſon, Sheep and Beeve;
It viſcous is, and diſobedient,
And a moſt indigeſtive nutriment;
More fit, ſaith *Rabbi Iſaak*, for cures
And medicines, than for hungry ſtomack-lures,
Unleſs a drunken Tinker, metall'd man,
(Who his teeth out of's budget ſtrengthen can)
Should fall to tooth and nail, in's pot he ſpares
Nothing that's next, then *away with your beares*:
Yet in high *Ruſſia*, and i'th' land of Whales,
Bears may be dreſs'd, if ye catch 'um by th' tails;
And ſo are Apes, that inortogious lump,
Or any thing, indeed, that wants a rump.
Thoſe men, who, ſhips departed, ſtaid behind,
(For no mans ſake will water ſtay, and wind)
Can give us beſt account of this rough beaſt,
Whoſe ſad ſociety, moſt unwelcome gueſt,
Was very uncouth and ſuſpicious, when
'Twas doubtfull which was prey, Bears or the men:
Thoſe Greenlanders, hutched up in froſty Cabbins,
Shall be our *Ælians*, let alone the *Rabbins*;
If like to Conies Bears will fat, I know,
Thoſe muſt be fauſen bears that live in ſnow:
Our Paris-garden bears, had they not dy'd,
Might have been eat, but for Sir *Thomas Pride*.

Chap.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the members and parts of Creatures.

THe Heads of Creatures Countenance, or Faces,
As Swines and Oxen are groſſe meat, ſaith *Raſis*,
They'r hot and nouriſh much, not a good fare,
Unleſſe when *Titan*'s fartheſt from the Bear;
In winter deep, when you may freely trolick
In cheeks and heads, but that they breed the Cholick:
The Brain of temper cold doth nauſeat,
And is offenſive to the ſtomack: what?
May we not eat them? yes, if you are
Of conſtitution hot; the brain is rare,
Eat it the firſt, and before other diſhes,
But cold complexions, and a-kin to fiſhes,
Or whoſe diſtemperature ariſe from cold,
With this *Meninges* gueſt be not too bold:
The Marrow is of temper cold, but not
So cold as that, though thence its riſe is got.
Hot, and by cold (if in our art there be
Any ſuch Point found out, unleſſe by me)
Good for Sir Epicures, and men o'th' chine,
Who ſacrifice to *Venus*, both in Wine
And Ceres, and a grand Proviſion make
To gratifie the fleſh, theſe Canons take,
And in a Meal of Marrow-bones advance
As great a ſhew as ſo much great Ordnance;
But not ſo great a noiſe, when theſe Guns play,
The ſulpher's white, and won't it ſelf betray,
This Sperm-ingenderer is good for ſuch
Who *Paul*'s ſtrict *Canons* do not trouble much,

The

The ſpungy Udder and the unctious Papps
(The fulſome diet of Sir *Mammon's* chapps)
Do nouriſh moſt exceedingly, yet ſlow,
And in a gentle pace to chile do go:
Thoſe who have ſtomacks hot, and livers like,
May their fleſh-hook into th' udder ſtrike.
Livers of Beaſts are hot and moiſt, and breed
Much blood (they are congealed blood indeed)
But hard and heavy: that of Lamb or Calf,
Or of the ſucking Pig, is diet ſafe:
But *Iſaak* ſaith that liver doth prefer,
Of the ſweet Miſtreſſe of ſir *Chanticler*:
The ſame Arabian diſcommends the heart,
A ſolid, but an indigeſtile part;
But when digeſted, it doth breed good blood,
And nouriſheth as well as any food.
Why not as well as liver? this we call
Font of venal blood, that arterial.
The lights and lungs are of a ſubſtance rare,
And light, and therefore ſoon digeſted are;
So ſoon they paſſe, and from the ſtomack go,
(Our bellows call'd, but yet not windy though)
Deſs'd with appertenances of the Sows bearn,
They'r too opiparous for Country Kern.
The reigns are for two reaſons not approv'd,
Firſt they'r groſſe and hard, not eaſily mov'd
Out of the caldron natural; but when
(That pot hath maſter'd them) they'r nought then:
And 'cauſe the ſerous part of urine takes
His rincture from the reigns, them all forſake.
The fleſh of creatures, more eſpecial that
Which is of fatter cattel (not the fat)
Is excellent, breeds ſperm and noble blood,
And in this nation is too general food:
The fat is loathſome, and as oily greaſe
Is the moſt moiſt of all, it doth increaſe

Cold

Cold and moiſt humours, and ſuch feeders be
Full of ungovern'd ſuperfluity:
But interlined fleſh, as I may ſay,
Some lean, ſome fat, carries the praiſe away,
And breeds moſt temperate blood and ſperm alike;
Hence is our Nation ruddier, and the Pike
Of Engliſh warfarre moves the Curteſan,
That ſhe cries out, *Oh my brave Engliſh man!*
The Feet do generate a viſcous blood,
And therefore to the Stone inclin'd, not good:
The Rump of creatures then th' interiour parts
Hotter and lighter are, for the kind darts
Of *Scrotums* warm inhabiters (of heat
A ſecond forge) th' adjacent parts do beat
And ſtimulate, and warms that utmoſt bit,
There's ſomething got by good neigbour-hood yet:
The nearer then the Teſticles more hot,
The farther off by ſcituation naught:
We will not in our Rules a Proverb croſs,
Th' extremities are alwaies at a loſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of Bake-meats.

BAke-meats are generally naught, and Pie
Is diſapprov'd, though *Alholland-day* be nigh:
We write not unto children, whoſe ſpoil'd gummes,
(Whate're the Coral gain'd) confeſſe that Plummes
And o're-warm'd Cuſtard have edentifi'd,
(That is, made toothleſs) many a ſimp'ring Bride:
Who for this very reaſon, all their life,
Are feign to laugh behind a handkercheif:
So have I ſeen a toothleſs Bride-groom ſit
Hungry at's wedding, nor could chew a bit,
Untill the ſpoon-meat came, then his throat ſtrain
So wide, you might have ſeen his heart again:
Wherefore forbear them, *Rabbi Raſis* ſaith,
But againſt Pie-meat there is little faith:
To bodies troubled with an *acid wind*
And *eructations ſower*, bake-meats are kind;
They doe eventilate and lay that *Flatus*,
Which ſmels ſo mawkiſh from its foul *Hiatus*;
For little nouriſhment they yield, but thoſe
Whoſe ſpungie bodies ſliny flegm o're-flowes,
Or do deſire to be *gentile*, that's *gaunt* and fine,
May eat this drying diet (none of mine.)
Roaſt-meat, which long-back'd curres do ſpin on ſpits,
Are far more nutritive, though they'r groſs bits,
And not digeſted, but by ſtomack's dint,
And when the ventricle hath vigour in't;
It binds the belly, yet there's help for that,
If you do eat good ſtore of the roaſt fat:
But *fleſh* with *generous eggs* and *pepper* dreſt,
Of any bake-meat is accounted beſt.

Oh for a Pie-meat, be't at any rate;
Rais'd by thy hand and art (dear *Oxford Kate*)
The wisdome of thy Cookery doth raise
Unto thy self, and Dishes lofty praise:
Thy meats are a brave winter food, and when
I do indulge my *genius* like those men,
Thy gallant guests, a stately Pie of thine
Shall fit us for the *pretty friend of Wine*,
And *Mother of Proserpina:* all this
(*Kate*) at the length will bring us unto *Dis*.
Bake-meats corroborate and nourish more
Then any diet we have nam'd before:
But in the summer (*Kate*) we will forbear,
They are too hot for us in sultry air,
And breed the Stone, a thing (sweet *Cate*) which I
Nor you would see, to find one petrifie.
And though thy praises I do gladly vent,
I would be loath to be thy Monument.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of Birds in generall.

TH' *Arabian Iſaak* dictateth, that Fowl
Compar'd with walking creatures, are the Soul,
They but the Body of meat, they'r light and fine,
And do the feeder to quick works incline;
As if their feathers ſtill were on, they ſpring
Thorough the quarters, and are all o'th' wing:
Rare and aeriall, yet the nouriſhment
Is ſmall, and leſs then walking Fowl or Pent;
Yet our *Silveſtrian*, then *Domeſtick bird*,
Is tenderer, as once before y' have heard,
And of digeſtion facile, the reaſon
Is, their aſſiduous labour and dry ſeaſon.
If *Dedalus* with any wings of wax,
Could a made it flie, how light had been an Ox?
Which now muſt be moſt heavy, groſs and dull,
Though it were dreſs'd in *Phalaris* his Bull,
As I may gueſſe by *Milo*, who in ſweat
Of 's brows did find an Ox was heavy meat:
But theſe high flyers rare, 'cauſe they do move
Often, and the dry aire to traverſe love;
But the Domeſtick, that leſſe plye the oare
Of feather'd pinions, ſucculent, are more,
And generate a noble blood, being moiſt
Of temper, nor with aery ſwimming toſt:
Of all the Birds that skirre the liquid aire,
Our Author ſaith the * *Starling* is moſt rare;
(A moſt rare Singer if his tongue be ſlit,
Confeſs'd) but not with us a dainty bit:
Yet if you bring it to an Engliſh Cook
Uncas'd, he'll make him taſt like any Rook:

* *Sturnus cæteris volatilibus ſubtilior.*

The *maſculine bearns of Partridges* are neat,
The *mother's Hen* and *Pheaſant*, *Lady-meat*;
The *Cockrels* of all birds are lighteſt food,
And breed the laudableſt and wholſom'ſt blood,
Strengthens the appetite, their gendring fire
Fitting them both for diet and deſire:
But yet th' *Arabian* Doctor *Avicen*,
Preferres before all theſe the creaking Hen,
And ſaith that *Hen-broth* is a remedy
Probatum againſt ſcurfie *Leproſie*:
Beſides, who'd think the female had ſuch praiſe,
Since females are the worſer many wayes?
The brains, ſaith he, of Hens increaſeth wit,
Augments its nameſakes ſubſtance; there is it;
For thoſe who are fantaſtick, idle, vain,
As if their food were ſo, we call Cock-brain.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Hens.

THe Doctors differ, for *Rabbi Iſaak*
Doth pull our Hen, and won't allow the crack,
But juſtifies the Chick againſt the Damme,
(A Phyſicall, not Divine Axiom)
And in compariſons not odious,
Bids us the Chick before the Mother chuſe,
As being the tougher nouriſhment, enough,
But for my meal give me a Hen tooth-proof,
Not tough as buff, nor yet as whit-leather,
But often humbled by Sir *Chanticler*:
Then full of Embrion chick, let her appear
In Claret-ſawce throughout all *Janivere*.

But

But for the limber thighs of infant-fowl,
Which you may draw like Peaſcods through your jowle,
Unleſſe in *acute Feavers*, let them eat,
Whoſe teeth dare not incounter tougher meat.
Next unto theſe the *fleſh of Quailes* is thought
Exceeding good, eſpecially *Few-bought*,
(That's at the price they were i'th' Wilderneſſe)
But to eat them now in *London*-dreſſe,
Or Partridge-chicken (which is groſſer food,
Coſtive, but nouriſhing) though the meat's good.
I ſhall not venture, and I know the cauſe,
Becauſe it did rain Quails, but never ſawce.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of Pidgeons, their young ones, and Ducks.

THe *infant-Pidgeon*, and the *ſucking Dove*,
Emblem of Innocence, of Luſt, of Love,
Are a moſt high and filling diet, hot
And inflaming, thence are Feavers got;
'Ware Pidgeon therefore, till his early flight
Hath purg'd his heavineſſe, and made it light;
To theſe invite your *flegmaticks*, a ſcholar,
Men ſedentary, but not a man of choler.
Ducks of aquatick fowl are far the worſt,
Whether Fen-fed, or in your own moats nurſt;
Hot is their blood, and of a Saturn die,
Gives nauſeas and ſuperfluity,
Yet nouriſhing enough, if it were good,
(He don't preſcribe a copious, but ſound food;)
Of all the fowl which on the lakes do wander,
From the wild Duck unto the Gooſe and Gander,

There's

There's none but are repletive, if it ſmell
Amiſſe 'tis naught, though 'twere a *Barnacle:*
This hinders not the profits of the Coy,
The ſmell of gain is ſweet, *Bon par ma foy.*

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the parts of Fowl.

THe *bellies* of all Fowl, brawny and tough,
Are of digeſtion long, and hard enough;
But maſter'd by the culinary fire,
They'r as good nutriment as you deſire.
The *wings* of Geeſe in moiſtneſſe do abound,
And ſo in Hens is the like juiceneſſe found;
Their conſtant motion makes them ſimply good,
An excellent and inoffenſive food.
But oh the *liver* of the ſtubble Gooſe!
Set it before the groſſe *Vitellius*,
Or *Otho* either, and this Emperour
Shall leave his glaſſe for it, 'tother his whore.
Wiſdome of Cooks! oh arts of cramming Geeſe!
When Kitchin *Machiavilian* policies
Shall ſo contrive, that the attractive Liver
Shall ſtarve all members to augment the liver,
And by deviees *Hyperphyſicall*,
Tranſlate the *Rickets* from the head to th' caul.
Wonder in Caponry! but they grow plump
And fat, by ſtitching up the merry rump.
The *necks* of Geeſe and Hens, which we do caſt
To th' dunghill, are an excellent repaſt;
Arabick dainties bought up by us of late,
By one, who on all City Feaſts do wait,

The

The Factor of our Poultery gubbins, that
He may feed high his rare musk-making Cat.
The *wings* of flying creatures do excell
The *leggs* of walking, motion doth expell
Superfluous humours: ſo Fowl cramm'd and pent,
Though they be fat, are not good nouriſhment:
I do abominate the City-glutton,
Fat Capon-fed, and ſhoulder of Mutton:
If that muſt be th'entertainment and the cheer,
Give me the barn-fed bird and mountaneer.
The *Eunuchs* of all Fowl are beſt, and ſo prevail
With us, they are no longer meat but Ale:
Cock is an *Engliſh malt*, and we drink Fowl,
What once was diſh'd is now ſwigg'd up i'th' bowl,
So that we do not now thoſe gluttons think,
Who Capons eat, but thoſe who Capons drink:
Cock-broth, the Ladies ſure confortive
Is gone, for *China Ale* doth keep alive;
Who can deſire more? Phyſitians *unde*
Is this rare cure from Munday * untill Sunday.
The *brains of Fowl*, leſs viſcous and leſs dry,
Are better then of *walking Poultery*,
Who are of temper *ex oppoſito*,
(That's clean contrary, if you do not know.)
The brains of *infant-Starling*, *Partridge*, *Pheaſant*,
And *Cocks* and *Hens* (Sir *Mammon* judge) is pleaſant.

* At Temple-bar, who ſels *China*-Ale.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Of Eggs and their proprieties.

AS at *Creation*, ſo our book proceeds,
Hens before Eggs, perfection's in the deeds
Of the *beſt beſt Opificer*; he made
Nothing potentiall, perfect 'twas when ſaid,
That *Protoplaſtes* the firſt ſpecies fram'd
Entire, nothing was impotent or maim'd
In its own eſſence, then he vertues gave,
Prolifick and conſervative, to ſave
And propagate, which hid in ſeminall power,
Traduces the firſt work unto this hour;
The parent, not the chick, oviparous,
The mothers labour hatch'd in feather'd houſe
Of her own body, yet 't doth ſafer dwell,
And hath a cottage of its own, a ſhell:
Our ſubject is this *Embrion* in's cradle,
Both poſſible to live and to be adle,
Or damn'd to be devour'd before a taſt
Of life, and into various coquery caſt;
Bred of (*a*) contagion of Sir *Chanticlere*,
Upon the *bag prolifick*, the *caſe cleer*,
And ſetled now in plain *Anatomy*,
'A *ſpiritiz'd flavour gets, and egge, and me*,
So that the *cock-tread* and the groſſer *ſperm*
(Which our old *Philoſophy* affirm
Did generation raiſe) are onely here
The *conduct* and the warm *conveyancer*
Of this brave *Monſieur*, and *Grand Signiour ſpright*,
Whoſe warm *Afflation* does the work o'th' night:
This Egge I ſet before you, (Madam) ſloth
Makes this poor *Book Trencher* and *Table-cloth*,

(*a*) D. *Harvey's* opinion.

Not

Not ſet in ſalt (unleſs of ſlender wit)
And though but ſmall, yet a moſt dainty bit,
Of ſuch vicinity with humane blood,
It ſtrait incorporates, and is quick food;
Eſpecially the * golden part, the * Argent is
Frigid and viſcous, of Activities
Unequal much; ſo that in this white ſhell,
The Sun and Moon may be affirm'd to dwell:
The yolk's ſpermatick, like the gendring Sun,
The Eggs in watery efficacies run.

* *Yolk and White.*

The Eggs of Hens and Partridges incite,
And thoſe of Ducks are ſervient to delight
(Though fouler nouriſhment.) The lay of Geeſe,
Of odour bad, doth loathſomneſs increaſe,
Yet are provocative; of Turkeys more,
Although the waddling treader's long, before
He act (the fumbler of the Fowls) but mounted,
This Cobbling Gameſter is a * *Signiour* counted.
But hear what *Raſis* ſaith, and *Avicen*,
Moſt temperate the lay's of the preſs'd Hen,
And Partridges, ſo little loſſe i'th' food,
That weight for weight, the yolks convert to blood:
Boyl'd rarely, they digeſt apace: but hard,
They do digeſtion and themſelves retard:
Taine when the cackling Hen Alarum gives
Of her delivery, Reſtoratives:
Immixt with Honey good for throats are ſore;
And in Conſumption we their aid implore:
No fleſh ſo nouriſhing and temperate:
Let thoſe forbear them who are over fat;
Butter'd with Ambergriſs a luſty meat,
Vitellius (*le groſſe*) did often eat;
A Prince of a ſhort reign, which amply ſhows,
Gluttons no fighters are, but for night blows.

* *The great Turk.*

CHAP. XXVI.

of MILK.

KInſman to blood, but twice remov'd, in Breaſts
Of Women pregnant, in Udders of Beaſts
Elaborated, and the tincture white,
In *Venis Lacteis*, (unknown to ſight,
Unleſs upon diſſection) is made,
Which is this luke-warm Candidates *parade*.
It is of equal temper with our blood,
And having been ſo once, moſt proper Food:
Not dreadful when a *Read-coat*, and a friend,
When *White-coat* to our Ages * either end,
Its temper doth incline to moiſt and cold,
It wets, and fats: Thoſe whom long *Hectick*s hold,
Or the dry Cough, or Urine ſharpneſs pricks,
And thoſe of Conſtitutions dry as ſticks,
It benefits, and brings to temper juſt,
It foments blood, and the white ſtream of Luſt:
'Tis of concoction quick, and gets the dye
(Whether the Liver or Veins ſanguifie,
Or both, it matters not) which once it had,
White into red is no converſion bad.
Wherefore we ſay, in Feavers, are acute,
In pains oth' head, in Dropſies, and Scorbute,
And other cold Diſeaſes, Milk forbear,
Though *Io* were the Cow, (and ſhe was rare)
Of all that ſpend the Teat, the Milk of Cows
Is groſſeſt, and moſt nouriſhment allows.
Who do deſire *Matho*'s bulk (to fill
A Coach alone) let him the Milk-pail ſwill.
Yet I have heard a *Matho* of our own
(By's ſurcingle of Sheeps-heads quickly known)

* *Infancy and old Age.*

So

So huge a quantity of Milk did drink
(A Horſe of water could not more I think)
Yet never was the fatter, nor would be
If he had eaten Cow, Milk-maid, and me.
Such Guts ſhould be their mutual puniſhment,
And *Marriot* ſhould have eaten *Wood of Kent.*
The Milk of Aſſes *Avicen* adviſes,
To give to all who labour of a *Phthiſis,*
Or have bad Lungs. The Milk of Goats partakes
Of either temper, and a *medium* makes:
Such wonders are rehears'd of Goats, that if
You hear 'um you will hardly give belief;
The very hearbs they feed on turns to phyſick;
Give them ſpecificks for the Cough or Ptiſick,
The infuſion is their Milk, and it retains
The vertue ſans Apothecaries pains,
A living rare *Pharmacopœia,* and
Not yet tranſlated by *Culpepper's* hand.

The Milk of Sheep is worſt, very unſound,
And doth with ſu, erfluities abound.
Milk boyl'd with Rice, or the like grain (and free
From its inf. igidating quality)
Breeds wholeſome blood, moiſtens belly and breſt,
And to the bladder is a welcome gueſt.
And Butter milk in Fluxes, and ſo Whey
Is excellent for *Lactium tormina,*
If in them you throw in burnt gad of ſteel,
You need no other Med'cine, they it heal.
Againſt diſeaſes of the yellow Bile,
Nothing ſo ſoveraign, nothing ſo * vile. * *Cheap.*
Diſtempers of much *Bacchus,* and the Itch,
And yellow jaundice, Faces call'd the rich,
Are cur'd by theſe, and Butter that's unſalt,
By Fricacy doth remedy the fault

Of filthy morphy'd skins: Butter next grace
Is eaten firſt, eaten in the laſt place.
Then let not *Hogens Mogens* only ſing,
Bouter, Bouter is good for any thing.

CHAP. XXVII.

Of CHEESE.

ALL Cheeſe is naught, ſaith the Salernitan,
The Freſh is cold and groſſe, yet if a man
Be not of conſtitution cold, 'tis good,
A tolerable, but not commended food.
Old Cheeſe (as is its Age) is worſe, or better
The tarter ſort is hot, and burnes, a getter
Of extreme thirſt, cals for the other Can,
Be it Holland, Chedder, or Parmizan.
Yet after meales a ſlender quantity
Corroborates the ſtomack's mouth, and by
The ſharpneſs of the Rennet doth remove
All Nauſea from them, who ſweet meets love.
But ſcrap'd, as Dr. *Buttler* order'd Cheeſe,
(Who then a Buttler more can palat-pleaſe?)
'Tis excellent againſt moſt Surfeits, ſaving
No Sugar ſpoil the *Cambro-britan* ſhaving.
Ha, ha, *Caus Day*! yet our *Arabians* hold,
No Cheeſe is ſafe, whether it be new or old:
It loads the ſtomack's of digeſtion ſlow,
And if the Collick or the Stone you know,
Eat, and be ſick, then leave't, if not too late,
Or if you'l eat, eat but a penny weight.

CHAP. XXVIII.

of FISHES.

FIshes are like their Element, and place
Wherein they live, both cold and moiſt, a race
Of flegmatick Creatures, yet they are meat
Which dry, and cholerick temp'ers may well eat;
And thoſe who would look ſmug, or elſe ſnout-fair,
May take this liver-cooling dith for fare.
In fervid ſeaſons, and in Climates hot
Uſe them: But if the *Beare* the helm hath got,
Or under *Charles* his ſeven-ſtarr'd heavy Wane,
From this dull nouriſhment let them refraine.
And pituitous bodies muſt forbear,
Unleſs they like the Dropſie in the Reer.
The Sea-fiſh, and of thoſe, they in Rocks dwell
Are finer, and in temperament excell,
Digeſt more eaſie, and breed better blood
Then the looſe fry, that ſhoal it in the Flood:
Yet in the ſtomack and the entrails they
(Being little viſcous) make too long a ſtay.
Sweet River-fiſhes ſliny, and groſſe diet,
Are glibbery, and make egreſſion quiet,
More nouriſhing then Sea-fiſh, and of theſe,
Thoſe (which the current ſtreams and gravel pleaſe,
And do abhorre annoyances of ſinks,
Which ſpoil their channels with their loathſome ſtinks)
Are moſt delicious, ſuch as Pearch and Trout;
Your Mud-fiſh all incline you to the Gout.
But thoſe delighting in ſweet ſcowres refine
Their ſquamy ſides, and clarifie their line.
The Fiſh of Lakes, and Motes, and ſtagnant ponds
(Remote from Sea, or where no Spring commands,

And

And intermingling its refreshing waves
Is Tench unto the Mote, and Tenches saves,
And keeps them medical) are of all sorts
Lesse innocent, unless some River courts
The sullen Nymph, and blending waters she
Of a foul *Mopsa*'s made *Leucothoe*.
Her inmates otherwise, like her self, smell,
Tast of the Harbour (that is) scent not well;
Slow to digest: alive, they liv'd too close,
And dead they can't their native dulness lose.
Give me a Salmon, who with * winged Fins
'Gainst tide and stream fi ks o're the fishing-gins
Of locks and Hives, and circling in a gyre
His vaulting co s, he leaps the baffled wyre.
Let Fish have room enough and their full play,
No liquor want, not on a Fish-street day.
But they are all meat indigestible,
Creating thirst, and spawn diseases well.
Take the lesse viscous, gracile, cleanly swimmer,
Smelling like S nelts, whose watry hutts are trimmer,
Then those of Pools and Ponds, or where on weed,
Or nasty Alga, and base hearbs they feed.

* Alâ Remigii.

Salt Fish, Can you with patience, Brethren all,
Heare it, of *Salters* and *Fishmongers* Hall?
Salt Fish is never good, but on a day
When you a vomit take, and't may not stay:
Charge u on charge, ten shillings cost to dine,
And half a Crown in Crocus and Squills Wine,
To cast it up again? whose will adore
My *Arabian Doctors*, or Sir *Theodore*:
Vomits nor lead I like, the pendent bullet
Shall never be the sweeper of my Gullet.
What I do eat, I do intend to keep,
By exercise digest, and little sleep.

But

But feed not like Sir *Theodore* for fear
Vomit nor bullet your o're-charg'd ſtomack clear.

The Barrel Codd, and courtly Pole of Ling,
Butter and Oyl marching in either wing,
And Rope-Canary on the Van and Reer,
Or *Graves*, or *Bourdeaux* in a glaſs for Beer
Bring on a Friday, ſtorm *Arabians* then,
* *Clondſly* and * *Ruckly* are the better men.

* *Mr. of the* Swan Fiſh-ſtreet.
* *My confiding Fiſhmonger.*

The River Shell-fiſh, and leſſe Lobſter-coats,
Crayfiſh and Crabbs that ſwim, as thoſe in boats
Do row, are in a *Pthiſis* ſingular
Boyled in milk oth' Beaſt of the long ear,
And for Conſumptive perſons made a *Cale*,
As much as * *Colchis* high fetch'd hearbs prevaile.
You have the Fiſh, pray fall on if you will,
Madam, the ſauce ſhall not beſowre the Bill.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of PULSE or GRAIN.

WE take our rise from Rice, which we find dry,
Ith' fourth, and moderate hot ith' first degree:
Boyl'd in fair water 'gainst the Collick good,
They call (the *Windy*) but a noble food
Boyl'd in the milk of Almonds, which doth lose
Its slipptick quality, then Ladyes don't refuse;
The Caudle-cup, they bravely nourish,
Causing the blood, and seminal vertue flourish.
If that their Ladiships will make a wash
Against the Morphies, Rice flower wash
In fountain water, and this cleansing grain
Shall clarifie the skin, and null the stain.
But you must strip it from its husk, its Rind
Is venemous; and steept in any wine,
Or water, pain ith' mouth it doth create,
Saith *Avicen*, and will impostthumate.

Beans are of double sort, or dry, or green,
Those for your Boar, these for your *Boores for-ben*;
The green ith' first degree are moist and cold;
But cold and dry in the same height the old;
Bad nourishment and filthy humors breed,
To a proverb strive, Ladies, take heed,
Beyond th' excuse oth' Puppy they exceed:
Creates by vapours on the injur'd brain,
Malignant dreams, and our chast'e p ofane.
The great white Bean in his minority,
Boyl'd in successive waters, happily

May be permitted, loose their *Windiness*.
If boyld with *Mint* or *Comine*, you them dress
Both *Flegmatick* and *Windy* meat within
But the *Bean-flour* is excellent for the *skin*.
" Yet spight of *Doctors*, and when all is done
" We will make bold with Pulse at *Thorington*,
" And this stern *Doctrine* against *Beans* shall ne're
" Be held, nor gain repute in *Leicestershire*,
Nor yet in *Somerset*, where *Odcombe*, bred
Famous *Tom Coriat*, Pudding and Bean fed.
Lentils saith *Rasis* are both *cold* and *dry*,
Of *temper middle* others, so let 't be
Bread, melancholy blood; sick up the juice
Of succulent bodies; spoil the vitive use
By drying qualities, for *Corpulent*,
And *persons flegmatick* a cure present,
Us'd oft saith *Isaac*, fill with fumes the Brains,
And cause amazing dreams, and capital pains.
Ciches are of two sorts, one *black*, one *white*,
The *white* is hot i'th' first degree, thats right,
And moist i'th' middle site, hard to digest
Causing inflamation in the puffed breast.
Dilate the skin, as 'twere upon the wrack
Eat (horses) then, untill your bellies crack,
And look most fair, and plump and round
Fillet and Cascoines will site, and sound,
The black Ciche is more hot, of moysture less
Against obstructions of the *Sp'een redress*
And *liver opilations*, boyled, best,
In horse reddish, it raiseth *milk* suppress;
Urine provoks, and the *Spermatick* vein,
A great increase by this stout Pulse doth gain:
Wherefore to *Stallions* tis a generous food,
And makes them active for that noble brood.
Peases (saith *Arnoldus*) are not much unlike,
Wherefore some eat them, bravely by the *Strike*.

Then *Beans* leſs *windy*, nor ſo ſmoothly paſs
The ventricle, lookin the Herbal glaſs
Gerards, and *Johnſons* mirror, and their *Peaſe*
Will every longing eye that ſees them pleaſe.
I have a friend that loves them, had a *Tutor*
Would eat three meſs without a coadjutor.
Obedience the efore and affection move
Not to diſpraiſe, what two ſuch wiſe men love.

CHAP. XXX.

Of Herbs and Plants.

HElp *Pauls-church-yard* our Phyſick garden now,
(And let *Tredaskin* no more ſimples ſhew.)
Where ſimpling Girles, and ſimpler Women ſtand
To ſell the gathered Herbage of the Land.
Medea when ſhe took her flight i'th' air
Cull'd not ſo great ingredients, nor ſo rare.
Hither Apothecaries, hither haſt
Chi'rgians, and Midwifes (buſie Quacks at laſt)
And decay'd gallants, Lords of Lands are paſſant,
And Sequeſtred Divines buy up the graſs out.
The Ewe, ſad Box and Cypreſs (ſolemn trees)
Once Church-yard gueſts (*till burial rites did ceaſe*)
Give place to *Sallads*, and confin'd *Apollo*
Trades in theſe Plants, that do hereafter follow.

Ladies ſecure your Noſes, for I bring
Garlick my firſt high ſented offering.
It's temper *hot* and *dry*, whatſoere doth ſcent
So ſtrongly is of ſuch a temperament,

It warms cold bodies, hot anoys, expells
Wind, and ſuch vapors from the bodys cells.
It doth incite to luſt, an opener high,
And in a *Tertian* makes the cold fit flye.
A *Loboc*, thats a Lambative, of this
Deſerves a *ſanum & expertum*; tis
Rare againſt Coughs, obſtructions thick
Extenuates, and cuts (ye but a lick
Adminiſtred upon a liquoriſh ſtick
For hotter Regions naught, but where the *Bear*
Rules, tis a luſty, naſty, warming fare.
The Ploughmans *Treacle*, and ſole Antidote,
Let in the Patient, cure him for a groat.
Its filthy *Hogon* is corrected thus
Boyl it, tis not ſo odoriferus.
Lentills or *Beans* eat after it do lay
The ſtrong Mephitis, Mints will take't away
" But oh the proof of Mowers intrailes, which
" Digeſt this Plant, as well as Horſes *Cich.*

Sorrel (ſaith *Raſis*) is both hot and dry,
Gerard doth ſay it cools (*undoubtedly*)
Exaſperates the ſtomack, by which fight
It moves it to a grateful appetite,
In Summer ſeaſon a moſt delicate *ſauce*,
In which the taſte doth mightily rejoyce
And us'd with many meats: But when Saint *Luke*
Appears once i'th' now un-red-letter'd book,
The ſalted leggs, and ſprings of ſlaughter'd Swine
With Sorrel ſauce do make us rarely dine.
To thoſe abound with *yellow choler* good
And quencheth thirſt (eſpecially that o'th' *Wood*)
If poſſeſſed, th' inflamed blood retreats
From peſtilent Feavors, Agues, and all heats.
What vertue have the ſeeds if you do aſk?
Drunk in red wine, their good againſt the Lask.

Now (Montebancks English, or men *de France*)
Its juice (old *Avicen*) doth high advance
And saith against the *Tooth Ach* tis as sure
As any *Caustick* or your handkerchieff cure.

Dill's hot and dry, saith *Isaack*, refines
Ventosities, and Tumors, stept in wines
The top's of Dill dryd, and decocted, raise
The candid flood i'th' *via lactea*.
Cleansing and causing milk, and doth remove
Its windiness, *Nurses*, and *Mothers love*.
Provoketh urine, is to sperm a friend,
And puts the mounting *Hickets* to an end,
So do the seeds smell't to: *Hippocrates*
Confounds the *Hicquets* with a lusty *sneeze*,
For by that violent *stomach-quake*, all meat
(That lay offensive there) doth change its seat;
Sunned, or boyld in oyl, it mitigates
Great pains, and shuts up *Morpheus* heavy gates,
Allaying vapors, that disturb the head,
And makes us take the other napp at bed,
No less affective is this precious *Dill*
If boyld in wine against the *Matrix* ill.
It doth disperse those clouds, with choak, and smuther
The uterm vault, called (but not making) *mother*.
This *Laus Rei* hitherto now comes
Who'd think could hurt? its *vitupexiums*.
All humane good is mixt; wherefore be wise
Use not daily, for it spoils the eyes.

Smallage, or Garden *Parsley*, or that which
Delights in waters, or the banks o'th' Ditch.
Is hot, and dry, but yet the little *seed*
Above the *leaves* i'th' qualities exceed.
A mighty opener of obstructions tough,
And smooths the way o'th' *ureters*, when rough,

Pro-

Provokes that ſerious tide, much more the *root*
Boyld in a Broth, doth put the bladder to't.
The root, or ſeeds in clyſters help alone
To evacuate, if not contuſe the *ſtone*.
It lays the torment of the guts, which may
Be done by *Epſam-beer* or elſe by *Whey*.
Moſt excellent in ſauces, and in broth,
Parſley, and butter, and the *Table cloth*,
Are half the charge of a Fiſh dinner; ſo
It is good, and bad ſauce, the *caveat* know.
Then as in *Ruartaines* tis, and *Agues* ſeen,
It opens Liver ſtoppages, and ſpleen.
So to the Vintners moſt aſſiduous curſes,
It will ſet open wide your Fiſh-day purſes
Amongſt its miſchiefs that, and this ſhall lye
Its very hurtful to the *Epilepſie*.
" Which ſickneſs is more dangerous of late
" To fall i'th' ſtreet, or Tavern-fall i'th' State?
Or age, or *Oruch* (for both words do hold)
Are *moyſt* in degree ſecond, in firſt *cold*,
A Kitchin Garden Herb, for the pot chief,
But Boyld a Sallad, bellies bound relief,
Nouriſh, and Livers hot gently aſſwage,
And raw, or ſod allay a guttural rage,
Or inflammation in the throat, withall
The ſeeds in Meath drank, cure th' *Illerical*.

Parſneps are of a Temper *hot*, more dry
Then *moyſt*, and nouriſh well, not dainty,
A thicker blood create, but yet not bad,
A *root ſpermatick* makes a *Scotchman* mad,
Inflative too, correct them then with Pepper,
It is no *Dulman*, no nor nimble leaper
Out of the ſtomack, but makes wholeſome ſtay,
And for the Stagnant *Urine* ridds the way.

Beets

Beets are of divers colours, *white*, *black*, *red*,
According to their hues so tempered,
The *white* are moderately moist, and hot
A garden herb good for the pottage pot.
The *red*, and *black* more hot, abstersive all,
Because compound of *Nitrous* stuff, and *Sal*,
Whence their vertue *Diergerick's*, sed
To purge by its * *Emunctory* the head,
Good against *sounds* i'th' ear, and the tooth ach,
And doth the *Cupidineau* locks unlach.
But oh the riot of the *Roman Beet*
With such a Sallad their *Grand Signior* treat.
Rub up your noddles my brave English Cooks
And make our *red Beet*, that excells in looks
Excel in taste: what can't your wisdoms do
With Oyl and Vinegar, and Pepper too.
Make it an *Antidote* (my *cunning men*)
And then you jump with Father *Avicen*.

* The Nose.

Borage is *hot* and *moist*, i'th' first degree,
Or set i'th' confins of each quality.
Both *hot* and *cold*, in its natural poise so just,
That neither temperature exceeds it trust.
A Plant *ad Pondus* (as they say) and where
You find such ballance, the proportions rare.
The vertues eminent: Have you no courage?
At any time revive your soul with *Borage*.
That *Azure flower* such rare a soveraign gift,
And when a Sallad can the heart up lift.
Good against either choler, *red* or *black*,
(Infused in *wine de Frontc*, or nobler *Sacke*)
Sirrup of Borage with the *fasciculum gladi*,
And the same sirrup doth refloat the *mad*.
A rare receipt for *Deathes*, under cloth,
Prisoners, or my companions under sea.
Colewarts are *hot*, and of a nitrous juice
By the first they *bind*, byth' latter, *loose*,

The

The *broth* is laxative, there runs the Salt,
Eat, *without broth* their ſtipetick, there's their fault.
To make it unmalitious boyl the *cole*
In fountain water, caſt it away whole,
Then in a broth, where vertuous pouder Beef
Is boyld, boyl that, *Cato* ſhall cry it chief
Of meats, with which he will moſt amply dine,
And frolick it, and lick the luſty wine
That to his *Crambe, Caulis*, or our *coles*
His bellies debtor, and his jobbernole.
For *Colewort* is an enemy toth' *vine*,
And can our wits wine forfeited refine.
Then *Socrates*, and *Cato* feat no baggage
Nor ſcold, take to'ther bottle, to'ther Cabbage.
It is for ſhaking hands, and dim eyes good,
Forgive one fault of melancholy blood.
What though its windy, Pepper will reform
That tempeſt, and appeaſe its flative ſtorm.

Onyons are *hot* and *dry*, i'th' fourth degree
But *Garlick* doth exceed i'th' quality.
Onyons are chopt into three ſeveral ſorts,
And never a one hath any good reports
As to our diet purple boyld their beſt,
Raw eaten worſt, but with Vinegar dreſt.
They neither heat nor cool, *Galen Rufus*, how?
When Vinegar both vertues doth allow?
So ordered, they inflame not unto thirſt,
But raiſe an appetite, the *Carriers* firſt
And onely *ſauce*, his *ſnuff*, for the ſqueez'd juice
From's glanderd brains the humor will produce
(Good for his Teem and him) with Vinegar
Immixt, it will the ſpotted *Cuvie* clear.
Provoks to ſleep, ſo that your drowſie pate
Is call'd moſt pat, an *Onyon head* of late.
But yet beware, my friends of ſleep, and night,
Tis good to ſhut your eyes, but *nought for ſight*.

It dulls the senses, doth infect the breath;
O do's it so! away with it tis death.

The *Gourd* (saith *Avicen*) is *hot* and *dry*
(Like this wild * *Cucul* on its quality.)
In degree second, and its vertues, these,
It purgeth by ellow choler, disagrees
With Melancholy; wine all night i'th' Gourd
That hath been hous'd, purgation will afford.
Much like our *Melon*, if they stand, and thrive,
Are good to make the body laxative.
Dioscorides saith, that the *gourds* juice
Held in the mouth, will ease to the pain produce
Of Tooth-ache. Bitter is of Taste; know
Most things that are of special good, are so.

Cumin is hot and dry, saith *Rasis*, good
Against wind i'th' stomach, after food
Taken a help at Maw, thats to concoct,
By's seeds drunk, *Menses*, and the guts unlock't.
From the *pain colick* is the result is
The very same by *clister* or by *Pultis*.
With Vinegar immixt, the overflows
Call'd menstruall, *dracunculi*, and bloody nose.
Secundum artem handled it allwages
Whatsoever swellings in the *scortum* rages,
And *Genitals*, tis good for *Gouty* joynts,
And the procedure of it disappoints.
Boyld with inflative meats, a remedy
Against their Gennine ventosity.
What would you more? there's not a nurse nor flut
But knows tis good gainst Worms i'th' maw and gut.
Coming again we shall more vertue find
Those whom the *Pleurisie*, or *stitch* do grind,
Let them a bag of *Cumin seed*, and *salt*
(Le-Bay) quil up and warm them all to mal.

* Colequentida.

Be-

Beſprinkled well with good wine Vineger
And hot applyed to th' ſide oth' ſufferer,
It is *probatum*, and will ſave well nigh
The *Plu us* noted help, *Plebotomy*.

Fennel is *hot*, and *dry* i'th' third degree,
The ſeeds or leaves in *Poiſon* made, the dry
Breaſts do repleniſh, and thoſe hills of ſilk
And ſnow, refurniſh with the pureſt milk;
Made a decoction they cleanſe the *reins*,
Open the *Liver*, and the *kidney lanes*.
Do force the *ſtone*, and *urine* to avoid.
And hath *Cottidian Feavors* oft deſtroy'd.
By *dieuretick* faculty, now tell
The verſes made on *Oxford Holowell*.
" No man will hurt this well, thats wiſe,
" For this hurts none, but cures the eyes.
So *Fennel*, *Roſes*, *Vervin*, *Rue*, and *Celandine*
Made a water will do good unto thy eyes and mine.
And to ſuch perſons covet to be lean,
Fenicularis aqua, ſcowres them clean.

Hyſope is *hot* ſaith *Raſis*, and if eaten
Or into powder with ſome mixtures beaten
Good for the dark of ſight: A water made
With this and Figs byth' skillful in the trade,
Gurgled, doth unimpoſtumate the *throa*,
And when by *rheumes* a difficulty's got
Of ſwallowing, the ſtreight ned paſſages
To this decoction yeilds, and the ſtops ceaſe
Lettuce is *cold* toth' end oth' third degree,
With us a Sallad of high dignity;
Loaſ'd, and unwaſht is beſt, coules the chaſt blood,
For *ſperme*, for *milk*, for *generation* good.
But not the ſeeds, they'r of a quality
Anteroſtical, thats quite contrary,
It doth provoke to *urine* and to ſleep,
Naught for *Lethargick* pates: this Sallad keep.

And till the Spring, its uſual leaves produce,
Its kindred *Corn-Sallad* ſhall be in uſe.

Mints in degree the ſecond, *hot* and *dry*
I'th' third, ſaith *Gerard*, of fam'd memory.
If ſmelt unto *Pliny* the Hiſtorian writes
The duller appetite to eat excites.
Confortative to ſtomack, we commend
It in burnt Claret at a *vomits* end.
It ſtays the *Hiquets*, *Parbrake*, and the *ſcowre*
By *choler* made in ventricle the lower
Taken in juice of ſowre *Pomegranats* : So
In *Vineger* if *upward* blood do flow.
In *broth* if boyld, *Senior Pliny* writes,
It ſtays the blood *proſtuvium*, and the *whites*
Good againſt *Watry-eye*, and *ſcurfie head*,
Of children, and any tumor therein bred.
With *Honey* and *Spring* water mixt it cleers
Abſurd obſtructions of *ſurdaſter ears*
Infus'd in *milk*, againſt a *mad dogs bite*,
Tis good for man, but hang the dogg out right.
Boyled in wine, and vineger, *alone*
It cures the *ſtrangury* and *Kidneys ſtone*
Againſt the ſtings of Waſpes applied, and Bees
Tis good. I would there were no worſe then theſe ?

Creſſes though in the water do lye,
Yet are of temp'rament moſt *hot*, and *dry*,
Eſpecially the ſeeds toth' *fourth degree*
A Sallad, mixt with Herbal company,
Virgils moretum makes it one of thoſe
Herbs, which do ſting with its ſharpe bite the noſe.
Tis good againſt *Scarbute*, or *Scorbuch*,
Be the diſeaſe old *Engliſh*, or new *Dutch*.
It warms the *ſtomack*, and the *Liver* clears
As by the cure afore full well appears.

Et nares acri ſtringunt Naſturtia morſu.

For

For gainſt the *Scorbute* nothing is ſo good
As that which, by its vertue cleers the blood,
It cures the worms i'th' belly, not the head,
Not in a *ſheeps*, wherein a long ones bred.
Good for the ſtomack ſaith the *Arab Raſis*,
But *Dioſcorides* the herb diſgraces,
As to that vigor, but commends its power
For expediting off the *bloody ſcower*,
And though it hurts the early Embryo
It doth provoke to that, which * made it ſo: * *Venus.*
Poppy is *white*, and *black*, of this doth come
The high *Nercotick*, dulling *Opium*:
The *whites* more candid, and more laudable,
This cauſeth ſleep, that death (ſaith *Pliny* well)
Poppy both ſeed, and leaves, and heads are cold,
Stays Rheumes *a cerebro*: Be not too bold
However with't, unleſs it tempered be
With good allays, then tis a Remedy
Not dangerous: Beware, beſt Lady, ſtill
Of herbs, that do ſome good, but greater ill.
Of this is made rare *Diacodium*,
The wand of *Mercury*, and *Morpheus* drum,
When ſharp diſeaſes, and malignant Feavor,
Diſturb your reſt (as I could wiſh it never)
A *Poppy cawdle* made with *Almond-cream*
Shall bind the ſenſes, and incline to dream.

Parſley is *hot* i'th' ſecond, *dry* i'th' third
Degree: By it the ſtagnant urin's ſtirr'd,
And femal courſes fixt do finde their way
And the red tide obeys her *Cynthia*.
The *ſeeds* are hotter then the *leaves* or *Root*,
They open, are abſterſive, and drive out
Æolian Blaſts, and ſtomack-tearing-toind,
And them expel at fore door, or behind.

It is as helpful to the *ſtone*, and gaines
Credit upon the *bladders* grief, and *reins*.
The *cholick* paſſion is appeas'd: The doors
The little doors 'oth body cal'd the *Pores*,
It *opes by ſweat*, and makes tranſpire ſuch *vapours*
As fume the houſe, like ill extinguiſht tapers.
It purifies the *Liver*; made *an oyl*
It cures the *Morfue*, and the ſpeck'd skins *foyl*
Boyled in Ale the roots and ſeeds, have got
A fame 'gainſt poyſons, *are an Antidote*,
And for its common uſe, theres ſcarce a diſh
Without this ſauce to your quaint Fleſh or Fiſh

Leeks, or but *leek* with number ſingular
E'ne which you like, *hot*, and *dry* temper'd are?
Raſis commends, and diſcommends the plant
It is the *Appetites* friend to its provant
But enemy toth' *head* which it doth pain
And fills with dreams malignant the fum'd brain,
If that the Fountain of the Body's ill
(The *head* I mean) let Leeks grow where they will
Except on thy breſt-plat. But if youl' need
Upon this great *Extenuator feed*,
Eat them with *Endives*, *Purſlane*, *Lettuces*
Charge of a ſallad will his heat appeaſe
Made in a *Lohoc*, or a *loch*, with Figs
With *Bdellium*, almonds (tell me Dr Trigs
Muſt they be blanch'd or no?) with liquorice
A quantum ſufficit, in ſhort *R S.*
With candid ſugar, Ana, and theſe all
Boyl'd in a *Balneo*, till *Syrrupical*,
Againſt *Catarrhes*, and ſuffocating *Rheumes*
And ſquinances a power it aſſumes.
Madam you'l thinke I *cant*, or little heck
Of *John Pontæus*, or an Engliſh Quack
The Emperonr *Nero* cal'd *Parrophagus*
That's *Leek* devourer, eat them like a *ſus*,

That's

That's like a ſwine, which is the cauſe I think
His memory unto this day doth ſtink

Purſlane is *cold* 'ith degree third, and *moyſt*
In ſecond: For ſtomacks by much wine deboyſt
And high inflam'd is good, and extream thirſt
Purſlane will quench (when if your belly burſt.
With water, 'twill not ſlake) and for your *tooth*
Aking or *edge*, the leaves are good forſooth
The *fæmal* fluxe, and of *Bile* * *rubea* Of Choler yellow.
Or any flux of blood the juice will ſtay
If by a *ſyringe* you the ſame miniſter
It cures the *Matrix heats*, the *Guts* by *Gliſter*;
And *Avicenna* a new vertue ſtarts
That the *leaves* rub'd are med'cine 'gainſt the *Warts*,
The *Butchers* 'gainſt the *Herb-wives* ſeek relief
And think that Purſlane will put down *raw beefe*

Radiſh is hot, and dry, a ſauce of courſe
Both that cal'd biting, and that called horſe,
Both heavy of digeſtion, both excite
Before and in the Meal the appetite
The *leaves* are more digeſtive then the root
Which is a *vomit*, with ſome oxymel to't
It cuts the *Flegme*, and by it's gravity
Like cheeſe, it make our victuals downward ply
Water of *Radiſh*, *or horſe radiſh* Ale
Is good for *urine*, and provokes to ſtale,
But leaves a *hogou* ſo *diſtaſtful* I
Wiſh that my noſe, my palat were not nigh
The *root* with *Darnel*, meal and vineger
Of wine *de-blanch*, blew and black ſpeeks do's clear
That mixt with *ſalt* (ſaith *Dioſcorides*)
Will milk in dryed paps, and teats increaſe.
Secundum artem ordered makes away
For the deſcenſion of *the menſtrua*

And

And mixt with Vinegar hath good diſpatch
Againſt *Hodontalgia*, or Tooth-ach.
And without *Raſis*, or *Hippocrates*
Rind on, and off, is eaten with *green* cheeſe

Turnep (ſaith *Iſaack*) 's *moyſt* i'th' firſt degree
And *hot* i'th' ſecond, a good quality.
Nature conſiſts in hot and moyſt. We fall
When fire licks up the humor *Radical.*
Then Turneps eat, which though they ill digeſt,
Of Garden roots they are accounted beſt.
It makes the skin fair as it ſelf, and raiſes
That *Plimme*, and ſomewhat more, and yet more praiſes
For Spermatick recruits it gets, they'r all
Good, *long*, the *ſmall*, or *round*, which bears the *ball.*
The *ſheets* or tender topps for Sallads uſe,
Boyled, they do belye *Aſparagus*:
The *Commentator* (if he gueſſeth right)
Affirms they have a vertue good for ſight.
And *Pliny* (natures great Philoſopher)
Saith, boyld, to frigid feet they heat confer.
I hold with *Pliny*, and almoſt dare ſwear
My foot a boyld Turnep will not bear.
But what ſaith *Dioſcorides*, alone
A Turnep ſtamp'd is for Kib'd heels *for-bone*,
To made an Oven for the oyle of Roſes
To roſt in Embers, is the beſt of doſes.
Then Turneps, * cry man, Eaſt, North, Weſt and South,
And when they'r ſold, with wheelbarrow ſtop thy mouth.

An abſtrepe-rous eryer of *Turneps*, and that diſturbs the Author with his bat-ling.

Rue is both *hot* and *dry*, i'th' third degree,
At its approach flys cold ventoſity,
And clogging humors jogge, it doth remove
The ſent from thoſe *Garlick* and *Onyons* love.
The Herb (like *Sampier* pickled) helps the ſight,
But ſo, or not ſo eat, ſpoiles *Cupids* fight.

In

In Peſtilential times like theſe, if you
Do love your ſafety, ſtuff your noſe with *Rue*.
Who can deny what *Pliny* then atteſts,
The leaves in wine are *Antidote* o'th' beſt.
The water thrice diſtill'd, the kidneys cleanſe,
And ſend all ſand *incontinent*, from thence.

Sage is of temper *hot*, and *dry*, the School
Salernitan, concludes *him for a fool*
That dyes with Sage in garden. Tis a herb
Of vertue ſingular to a Proverb.
And in its name are high *auſpicia*
Healthful and ſoveraign that is * *Salvia*. * *Sage*.
Let thoſe who to *Abortions* ſubject are
Make this ſame prudent herb their conſtant fare,
And what it doth *poſt Partum*, for the next
Conſult *Agrippas*, and *Aetius* text,
Good for the *Matrix*, and its tenant, naught
For the perſon, who, that to lodge there brought:
And bridles natures itch: Good for the *Brains*,
And *head*, and *ſenſes*, which the head contains.
And how in Ale infus'd, and brew'd, we cry
It up, with *Scabius*, *Fennel*, *Betony*,
Apothecaries ſhops can tell, whoſe trade
During theſe Sage Ale morning draughts doth fade.
The *juice*, as well as any black lead Combe
Where *white* hairs are, will make the black ones come.
And *Macer* ſaith, that Pulveris'd, it takes
Away the venemous bites of poyſonous Snakes.
How in our late malignant Feavors we
Account *Sage poſſets* a grand remedy,
The Country cures can ſpeak: Then for a *ſtich*
Or *Pleuriſie* tis poormans *cure*, and rich
If in a wooden diſh with coals the leaves
Be dry'd, Vineger aſpers'd, it nere deceives.
No maid nor man Cook (unleſs fool by Age)
Will dreſs a Pigg and not i'th ſauce have Sage.

Spin-

Spinach is *cold* and *moyſt*, ſo temperate,
The *lungs*, the *throat*, the *ſtomach* gratulate.
This wholeſome pot herb, which doth exerciſe
His lonoſing vertues 'gainſt the bellies ties.
Will it untie the bound? ſuch recipes
Reſtrained perſons will extreamly pleaſe.
'T breeds but little, yet good nouriſhment
We give't in Feavors to a good intent,
And with as good ſucceſs, if you herbs mate
Alike, both *open*, and *Refrigerate*.

Muſhroms, or Toadſtools, *off-ſpring of the earth*,
Or elſe of Trees a *puffy ſpungy birth*.
Are unto danger cold and moyſt, if eat,
And raw cold pituitous blood beget.
Thoſe whoſe concavities are *red*, are worſt,
Let thoſe feed on them to the *Colick* curſt.
Pepper and Oyl, and Salt, nay all Cooks Art
Can no way wholſemneſs to them impart.
What Doctor *Butler* ſaid of *Cucumber*,
Of theſe *ground-bucklers*, we the ſame aver.
Dreſs them with care, then to the dunghil throw'um
A hogg wont touch um, if he rightly know um.

Toadſtools are worſe then Muſhromes of the ground,
And with a poyſonous quality confound:
A *pappy*, *viſcous*, *groſs*, *cold* ſubſtance can
Here finde no praiſe, nor i'th' *Salernitan*:
Theſe four are ſigns of Death, ſaith *Iſaack*,
(An old *Arabian*, and no late-ſprung Quack)
Which if you cut i'th' middle, and let lye
Till morn, you ſhall their putrid ſtate deſcry.
But oh the praiſes of the *Roman* wits:
Meat for the gods, the Emperors choiſe bits.
Poets and *Cooks* are *friends*, and not at odds:
I joyn, and ſay they'r meat too *for ſuch gods*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

And firſt of FIGS.

PRepoſterous! *Figs* before *Apples* plac'd,
The Diet's falſe, and all the Work diſgrac'd.
Who marſhals in the fruit? a Squire, 't may be,
But yet no Apple-ſquire you plainly ſee.
A *fig* for ſuch a Squire: *Madam*, with leave
You ſhall our Reaſons for our Figs receive.
'Both are cœvous fruits of *Edens* earth,
'The Fig and Apple don't contend for birth;
'Onely the Apple, to *one* Sexes ſhame,
'Had the misfortune of the leading name.
That fruit is inauſpicious to your kind,
And purpoſely I plac'd the diſh behind,
Leſt being percht into the upper place,
You would not think't a *Banquet*, but *diſgrace*:
Think you I ſhould quick *Atalanta* pleaſe
With *golden Apples*, whilſt *Hippomanes*
With Laurel crown'd, revives the fatal ſtory
Of her deluded ſoul and long loſt glory?
Give place then exprobrating fruit, and come
Thou *Cover-ſhame*, old *Fig-tree*, in the Room:
Though men of all the fruit, that hangs o'th' tree,
Should love none leſs for your obſcurity:
For by its leaves we loſt the precious ſight
Of that which is the maſculine delight.
Figs, either *green* or *dry*, do cleanſe the ſand
From that ſtreight Quarter, where the reins command.
Windy when *green*, but then are laxative,
Dry they do nouriſh, make the body thrive,
And warm the blood, but an exceſſive uſe
('As all exceedings turn unto abuſe)

Does cauſe the Itch and Lice, but yet you may
Give Wormwood in a Fig, for all I ſay.
So much ſaith *Raſis*, hear what *Iſaak* ſaith,
(For a few Figs y'have two Phyſitians, faith.)
If that you eat them faſting, when all's clear,
And no crude humours in the ſtomack reer,
They make *digeſtion* noble, cleanſe the *breaſt*,
The *lungs*, the *reins*, and *ſtones* (*a*) *membranous neſt*.
Hath it no other vertue? this in ſumme,
Roaſted 'tis good for an impoſtum'd gumme.

(*a*) The bladder.

Dates are in temper like to *Figs*, that's *dry*
And *moiſt*, but nouriſh not (ſo cleverly,
As we may ſay) if often eat, they cauſe
Groſs blood, and both infect the teeth and jaws;
Provoke to urine, but do ſwell the Spleen
And Liver, and the blood turn all to flegm.
Still worſe and worſe; then take them *Oxford Kate*
For Marrow-pies, with me they'r out of date.

Grapes are leſs *hot* then *Dates*, a luſcious fruit,
And its alliance blood doth ſtreight recruit,
Fattens the body, and extends one part,
For which we need not wicked helps, nor Art.
The *thinner* coated Grapes do the leſs harm,
And though themſelves be ſlender clad, will warm.
They all are windy, ſo are bellows, yet
Both theſe and they will fires and flame beget.
The *ſweet Grape fattens*, and the *ſharp* makes *lean*,
Infrigidates, if ſteep'd in water clean.
Sowre Grapes are very cold, the belly bind,
By them the *yellow bile* and *blood*'s confin'd.
Preſs'd *Grapes* and *Raiſons* are of temperate heat,
A nouriſhing fruit, plauſible and neat;
Good 'gainſt obſtructive coughs, and in a *Phthiſis*,
Steept a whole night in *Sack* do ſtrange devices.
Fruit of *Granado*, or *Pomgranates*, are
Both *ſweet* and *ſowre*; both ſmall nouriſhers.

The

The *ſweet* are rather *hot* then *cold*, diſpence
Swellings and thirſt, to Agues an offence.
The *ſowre-ſharp Granate* cooleth, dries, and binds,
Thoſe *flux-oppreſs'd* his noble vertue finds:
In *Morbus Cholera* a preſent cure,
'Gainſt either evacuation ſure,
Then Syrrup, Conſerves, make with Art, and know
It is *ubique* good above, below:
And in the *jaundice*, if its juice you try,
None ſhall ſay long, that *yellow is your eye.*

Quince, or *Cydonean apple's* cold and dry,
Like to the former (a) *Punick* in degree.
Second, or *ſweet*, or *ſowre*, they'r binders ſtout,
The *ſowre* are moſt *reſtrictive* without doubt;
They rouze the appetite, they bind and looſe:
How's that? both faſt and looſe? we will us poſe:
The empty ſtomack it doth bind, you'l ſay
It might, where nothing is to ſend away.
But eat Quince after a *full meal*, anon
It ſhall o ive down and ſend to m' *unc'e John*:
Raw not ſo good as *roaſt*, or *bak'd*, by Art
It i convey'd in every Apple-tart;
Coſtive by quality, and therefore is *Elixir*,
Where *Vomitings*, or *Lasks*, or *bloody flix* are:
Againſt immoderate *Meaſes* good, and ſuch
Who blood from head, or ſtomack vomit much.
But hear what *Simeon Sethi* ſayes, if woman
Pregnant, do make of Quinces a food common,
She ſhall bring forth wiſe and diſcreet ſons;
'*Eat Quinces, Ladies, bring forth Solomons.*

Peares are all *cold*, of binding quality,
Both *ſweet* and *ſowre*, and *choak-pear* belly-tie,
Unleſs *poſt-cœnes* eaten, then they do
As Quinces, which like them are coſtive too:
Eaten with *Toad-ſtools*, or with *Muſhromes*, they
Loſe their reſtringency, and paſs away.

(a) Pomegranate is called *Malum Punicum*.

Eight ſorts of *civil* Pears, beſide the *wild*,
Gerard hath told in's *Herbal* well compil'd,
The *Katherine* call'd the *proud*; and *James* his Pear,
The *Burgomot*, or the *Palatiner*,
The *Royal* Pear, and *Biſhops* Pear, and had
He found a *Lower-houſe pear* (though ne're ſo bad)
I durſt profeſs *Johnſon*, and he had *meant*
To make of Pears, and Peers a Parliment:
Apples, ſaith *Raſis*, are reſtringent all,
Both ſweet and ſowre; the Salern School will call
Th' *Arab* to account, ſince 'tis *dictatum*,
'*Poſt pyra da potum, poſt pomum vade cacatum.*
Goclenius help to reconcile this *Pique*,
Or elſe we muſt no more of Apples ſpeak
Then thus; Apples are windy, if you eat
Them with Anniſe ſeeds, or ſuch like good meat;
So Apples ſpic'd, and made a good *Lambs wooll*,
(As ſaith *Salerna*) ſet us to the ſtool.
Sweet ſmelling Apples are reſtorative,
Pluckt from their mother they do ſhorter live:
Bak'd in a Pie with Quinces 'mongſt them cut,
They do the appetite to's buſineſs Put.
But frequent eating weakeneth the nerves,
Unleſs you uſe the ſyrrup or conſerves:
* Doctor *H.H.* I have a * Doctor's, and a learned one
'S word for't, that eat, they mitigate the ſtone:
So though an Apple were the firſt fruit ill
It keeps the *Ladies* at their cloſets ſtill.
'An excellent revenge, for this bad food,
'By *your* rare skill *preſerv'd*, *conſerv'd*, is good.

Peaches are *cold* and *moiſt* in degree ſecond,
A very fruitleſs fruit, and dangerous reckon'd:
If eaten after meat, it hath a quality
Corruptive, and the *chile* doth *putrifie*,

In

In Sack imbib'd, what will not Sack make good?
They are admitted, but *before* your *food*.
Unripe they't coſtive, *Ripe* they't *laxative*:
'No man by Peach (in any ſenſe) did live;
The Peach *D'Avant*, that's call'd *præcocia*,
And in the Roman tongue called *Perſica*,
Are palatſome, the *nauſea*'s abated
By *them*, 'tis *fit* the fruit ſhould be tranſlated.

Medlars, ſaith *Iſaac*, are both *cold* and *dry*
I'th' firſt degree, fam'd for aſtringency:
Eſpecially *Medlar the dwarf*, procure
The *Gyant-Medlar*, that's a *Hector* ſure.
Strengthens the ſtomack, and like *Hercules*,
Allayes the tumults and the raging ſeas
Of yellow Bile, by two commotions,
The *Gizzards glimmering* call'd in ſtrange notion,
A report goes, ſaith *Dioſcorides*,
That Medlars eaten do the *tooth-ach* eaſe.
Gerard aſſures, that by the kernels bruis'd
Gravel and *urine*'s purg'd, the *ſtone* contus'd:
Thy *Engliſh* (a) *nick-name* doth ſo much divine;
But were it ſo, the *Druggiſts* would repine.

(a) Open A.--

Aprecocks in my Authors are not found,
I ſhall tranſplant them from our *Gerards* ground:
Alike in nature to the Peach, ſo may
Præcocia be the ſame with *Præcoqua*.
We'r at a loſs, *Johnſon* and *Gerard* both
Know not their vertues (no nor I in troth.)
'Preſerve on Ladies, how'oe're, 'tis good
'Preſum'd, untill 'tis hurtfull underſtood.

Citrons, *Pomecitrons*, *Lemons*, *Oranges*,
Are odoriferous and the ſcent pleaſe,
Whether from *Eden*, *Media*, or *Italy*,
Or his dominions, on whom both Suns lye;

The

The *Catholick Kings Hiſpania's*, they proceed
The Earth don't rarer fruit nor fragrant breed;
Delitious to the eye, ſweet to the noſe;
'Tis thought the fruit that *Adam* did depoſe
From his high Paradiſe, unworthy ware,
'And ſad exchange! had it been ne're ſo rare:
Lets ſearch its vertues, for our Mother *Eve*
Its outſide glory could not ſo deceive:
Though by the eye much miſchief is conveigh'd,
'Thoſe eyes, thoſe eyes, cry'd the juſt yielding Maid.
Then what magnetick force convinc'd that ſoul,
Which did the Monarch of the World controul,
And mov'd his captiv'd paſſions to a deed,
Hath ſet an edge his long traducted ſeed?
* *Eve.* Was it the Rinds ſweet ſmell? My *Pyrrha** knew
'Twas bitter, hot, and dry for all its hue)
'Children are caught with Pictures: Was't the juyce?
My Grandam knew 'twas ſowre, and knew its uſe;
Knew the ſeed bitter, of like quality
With the odorous rinds; ſhe would not dye
For *Coloquintida*; what though ſhe knew
It had hid vertue poyſon to ſubdue?
Ah but the venom of that crafty Beaſt
That circled 'bout the Tree, and ſtung her breaſt
Worſe then the Aſpes did *Cleopatra*: not
Mithridatum, Triacles, not Antidote
Sufficient to expel: He whiſper'd Death,
And conveigh'd Hell in a ſoft, gentle, breath,
Leſſe could the hopes of keeping ever fair
(For Citron juyce, for that is highly rare)
Corrupt her judgment, whoſe tranſparent skin
Was glaſs unto her nobler thoughts within.
'That is the leaſt of Beauty, that o'th Glaſs;
'But ſince her fall, is all that's left alaſs!
* The Devil. No the ſame Apple by its *Proxie* told
Of ſtrange Omniſcience, Never being old:

'Theſe

'These were sure baits; since 'twas her fate to fall,
'She fell not like a Fool; 'twas gallant all.
Mulberryes, cold and dry i'th third degree,
Ripe, make the belly moist, and lenifie,
Passe quickly out of stomack, or else have
A putrefaction, and there find a grave.
Their juyce is like the tast of Wine, and will
Asswage the heat of any *guttural ill*:
With *Album græcum* mix'd, and gargled, cure
Against Squinancies, and throat-Calenture.
Infus'd in Fountain-water thirst remove,
Ta'ne before meat th' appetite improve.
By stiptick quality they'r very good
Against all Fluxes of luxuriant blood.
Madam, let none offend this prudent Tree,
Which blooms not till old Winters gusts do flye;
Reserves its juyce within its principal,
Wise as the Creature which it feeds; for all
The bitter season of the year, his guest
The Silk-worm keeps within its downy nest,
And when Provisions on the Tree appear
He doth unwind himself, and fals to's chear:
So may your Ladyship passe out of dore,
And feed on them under a Sycamore,
Which with umbratile leaves will let no Sun
Hurt your Silk-gown, by its namesake Creatures spun.
Plumms, saith old *Isaac*, are both black, and white,
And red, and many colour'd for delight:
They'r cold in general, and moist, do loose
The belly, yellow Bile drive out o'th house.
If eaten, as we use at *Barthol'mew-tide*,
Hand over head, that's without care or guide,
There is a Patient sure; Physitians sums
Have never quicker Counters then these Plums.
If you will needs be at it before Dinner,
Eat and be regular, no Diet-sinner:

Or

Or elſe they putrifie, and breed diſeaſes;
Wherefore in times of *Plague* it alwayes pleaſes
The *prudent Magiſtrate* t' inhibit *fruit*,
And *Dogs* and *Hogs*, which all are helpers to 't.

The *Damſon* or *plum Damaſcene* is beſt,
Plums that are dry'd give to a welcome Gueſt.
But if I ſup or dine, it well ſhall pleaſe,
If that the Buttler eat thoſe Services.

Cherries (who'd think it! Yeomanry of *Kent*
It is enough to loſe your half years rent),
Are all unwholſome, generate bad blood,
Viſcous and flegmatick, a feavoriſh food.
The tarter taſted are the beſt, although
The ſweeter at a greater price do go.
But *Galen* in his ſage formality
Muſt yield, if *Round-cap Cherry ripe* do cry.

Almonds; the ſweet are temperate, the bitter
Better, and for Phyſical uſes fitter:
Their moderate heat and oyly juice
Doth lenifie the throat, yet they refuſe
To paſs the ſtomack, unleſs ſugar'd well;
Then urine and obſtructions they expel,
And ſperm augment: *unskinn'd* they nouriſh worſe,
Their coats, like bran, a paſſage for them force.
Skinn'd they are *ſtiptick*, and perform good task,
When order'd againſt bloody Flix and Lask.
The *bitter*, hot and dry, are wholſomer,
Diſſolve groſs humours, cleanſe the ureter,
Expectorate and ſweep the clogged lungs,
And mundifie the Spleen, and Liver dungs.
Their oyl for many uſes ſerve, get grace
For keeping terſe the Ladyes skins and face:

In

In Phyſick more ſucceſsful; ſo we ſhall
Not give our Almonds only unto * *Pal.*
Nuts are dry whorſons, though the Tree complain,
Shee's thwack'd and bang'd by every Country-Swain;
'Tis not without a Fault, by *Virgil*'s leave,
Who did the Nut an innocent fruit conceive.
For ſimply of themſelves they do great harm,
Are moſt obſtructive, and in ſtomacks warm
And cholerick ingender fumes, and make
The pate virtiginous, and deadly ake.
Infus'd in Sack, their mended qualities
Approv'd, who wo'nt in Walnuts ſacrifice
An afternoon to *Bacchus*, if it rain,
And moiſtned skies offend the ſtudious brain?
But Nuts, two Figs, and twenty leaves of Rue,
And Salt contunded, (*give the Devil his due*,
He is a Nutter too) will expel poyſon;
Nay, taken faſting keeps off all that's noyſom.
In Hazel-nut, or Filbeard, cold and dry
Of temper, doth a windy moyſture lye,
Which yeilds but little nouriſhment, ſo tough,
It will not paſſe the ſtomack ſoon enough,
But lies like bullet, or ſmall ſhot of lead,
Yet upon theſe the vulgar ſort do feed.
And at the Play-houſes, betwixt the Acts,
The Muſick Room is drown'd with theſe Nut-cracks;
Whoſe kernels made into a milk do bind,
But of themſelves the contrary we find,
And rather cauſe the bloody Flix, and Lask;
Wherefore forbear you brethren of the Cask,
VVho in your leather coats eat ſacks of Nuts,
You'l need no new Beer to keep clean your guts.
VValnuts, or Royal Nuts, or * Nuts of *Jove*,
(Here's name enough to get a noble love)
Are the beſt ſort of Nuts, and newly pluck'd
Delight the taſt, but little juyce is ſucked

* Juglans Jovis glans.

From its dry kernel, which doth ſlow deſcend,
And by its hard concoction doth offend.
Made in oyl, like Almonds, they make ſmooth
The hands and face, like chizel to a booth,
Or board, they plain the ſurfie head, and ſcales,
And ſave the labour of our itching nails.
The green and tender Nut, like Suckid made,
And boyl'd in Sugar (tis Confectioners trade)
Is moſt delightfull and confortative,
And antidoticall, then eat, and live.

Cheſnuts are dry and binding, in a mean
'Twixt hot and cold (Nut *Laodiceanthen*)
But yet *Sardinian breed*, inflative high,
As laid in the fire, their bouncing doth deſcry.
After its windy nature roaſt it well,
And ſteep it in good Sack, until it ſwell
By th' infuſion, then this Nut is good
Provocative, and plenty makes of blood:
Thus rarified by fire, and ſowe'd in Sack,
We may commend it *fulcrum* to the back.
There is a Cheſnut call'd *Equina*, which
Is Horſe-cheſnut in our ſole Engliſh ſpeech,
Which from the Eaſtern Countrey came, and can
Horſe coughs and Aſtma's cure, why not in Man?
We have a Nut too that is call'd *Porcine*,
An *Acron* wild we give it to our ſwine;
Not meat for men, unleſs when fortunes all
Are ſpent, we diet with the *Prodigall*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

of SPICES.

PEpper is vehement hot, and mixt with meat
Aſſiſts the ſtomack to make quick defeat,
And noble change, on that Meſh or Hoch-podge,
Which elſe would longer in her region lodge;
Great crutches to digeſtion, and diſperſes
Wind, as King *Æolus* in *Virgils* verſes.
Wherefore on all inflative roots and graſs,
Aſperſe the Pepper-box, and they will paſs.
But let hot tempers, and in ſummer time,
Forbear, unleſs they will inflame the chyme:
There are ſome perſons too; be none of thoſe,
Who if they take't, take more then in the noſe:
But they that love the haunch of hunted Deer,
With ſalt and pepper, make a noble cheer;
Yet 'cauſe my reverend Prelate loves it not,
With other ſpices let him make it hot;
Church-men muſt be approv'd, and verily
I do ſubmit in more then ordering pie.

Ginger is hot and moiſt, and well digeſts,
The City Cooks do wiſely in their Feaſts,
(Not uſe it gingerly) whereby ſuch Fire,
And pilesof meat concoction ſafe acquire.
Wherefore the uſe of it, and other Spices,
Have rais'd the Grocers, and ſome quaint devices
To be o'th' Twelve, to wit, *twelve Companies*,
Becauſe of theſe ſalvifical ſupplies,
As Pepper, Mace, Cloves, Currans and Rayſons,
And Prunes, rare ware! kept we the *old ſeaſons*:

But that high drug *Tobacco* free doth paſſe,
Whether we have a *Chriſt-tide*, or *Chriſt-maſſe*.
But to our Ginger (which beſides in Ale
Againſt its flativeneſs it doth prevail)
To livers cold, and ſtomacks likewiſe ſo,
It doth a friendly heat and help beſtow;
Its vertue's known in Compoſition,
For obſcure eyes, ſo ſaith my *Portington*,
And ſo ſaith *Raſis*, if that dimneſs be
Produced from moyſture and humidity.
So *Avicen* commends it to the head
And throat, with raw cold rheumes incumbered.
Good for the memory (ſaith the ſame man)
Forget not then the old Phyſitian,
For your old Blades are beſt when all is done,
For they were wiſe, and had read *Salomon*.
Zedoary's hot and dry in the degree
Next to the firſt: The Diſpenſatory
Is frequent in its uſe, for it diſcuſſes
All flatulency which in bodies buzzes;
It fattens too by occult quality,
(That's the old help in Phyſick) let it be;
The world is not diſcovered all, we can't
Know any thing compleatly, not a Plant,
For every Plant doth hide a Deity,
And like the Senſitive ſhrinks when we pry,
Or touch, beyond *decorum*, ſtands the ſhew
When modeſt inquiſition comes to know.
But for its vertue known, let it ſuffice,
It hath the name of Triacle by the wiſe;
Good againſt poyſons, and infections good,
Whether they center in the ſpirits or blood.
Wherefore its uſe we may commend to all,
In this next Spring, and in the preſent Fall.
It is to th' ſtomack moſt comfortative,
Raiſeth the appetite, the ſcent doth drive

Of

Of noyſome Garlike, Onions, and ſtrong Leek,
(Which make the Ladies at a kiſs turn cheek.)
Good againſt Colick, Stomack-Pains, and Lask,
And drunk in wine allayes our heat of Cask;
A *Panacea Ruſtick*, not ſure a greater;
Yes, Doctor *Everard* hath found a * better.

* His univerſal Medicine, *Tobacco.*

Galingale, both the ſmall and greater root,
(From *India* this, from *China* that ſought out)
Is hot and dry i'th' third degree, ſoveraign
Againſt the maladies of a cold brain
If it's but ſmelt unto; but chew'd is rare
For thoſe whoſe lungs and breath ill ſavour'd are,
But if the ſtomacks region's ſtuff'd, and torn
By wind, let no man this rare Medicine ſcorn.
Or when we ſtomack lack unto our meat,
It will procure it, and do greater feat,
(Digeſt) and greater yet; helps after third
Concoction, prime food for *Venus* Bird:
And for the Colick grief and colder reins,
The ſhops can tell you what a price it gains.

Clove-berry's hot and dry, aſtringent too,
Like Cloves in vertue, and in outward ſhew.
In ſcent and taſt moſt aromatical,
(Such *Alexander* fum'd his skin withall,
Unto odorous tranſpiration)
Is good 'gainſt Goat-evacuation,
And Rammiſh breathings: good too for the eyes,
Annoy'd by cold Catarrhs and Crudities
Bred in the ſtomack; Livers cold it warm,
Would all *exotick* things did no leſſe harme.

Raſis ſaith *Cynamon* is hot and dry,
Strengthens the Liver by that quality,

And

And ſtomack too, and gets an appetite,
And ſweeps the wind out of that region quite:
It doth obſtructions clear, that ſtop the reins,
Forcing the urine in ſtrangurial pains;
Provokes the Menſtrua, old *Iſack* ſaith,
The Mid-wives are of a contrary faith.
'Tis wholſome made in ſawce, and fumes the breath,
And a *Sack poſſet* rarely flavoreth.

Saffron is hot and dry i'th' firſt degree,
The weakned ſtomacks friend: no enemy
Unto obſtructed Livers, nor their breath,
Which is ſo ſhort (it differs not from death.)
The feeble parts it comforts: don't you ſee
The Saffron Cawdle every morning flie
Into the Ladies chambers; they are wiſe,
And will take nothing dangerous 'fore they riſe.
For women hard of labour preſent eaſe,
Raſis prefers it 'fore *Man-midwiferies*,
Or *womens* too, and ſaith that this alone
Is the *Lucina* to be call'd upon.
Put into wine it doth inſpirit that,
Firks up its vertues, were it ne're ſo flat;
And in the drinker ſtrikes a cheerineſs,
That *Plunder* can't allay, nor lay diſtreſs.
It is enough; thy vertues are ſo high,
I do commend thee to the *Cavalry*.

Carawayes, or ſeeds of *Caria*, whence they take
Their name, are hot and dry, when made in Cake,
Or into Confects; wholſome Recipes
Againſt the urines painful ſtoppages:
Diſſolve collected wind in ſtomacks crude,
And blaſts *Hypocondriacal* extrude:
They Worms in children mortifie; are beſt,
Eat in the *van*, not i'th' *rear*, o'th' Feaſt,

(As

(As is the usuall custome) when with cheese
And apples, these are sawcer-services,
Correctors of that windy fruit, and why
Expel not wind without their company?
Wherefore in bread with anniseeds (which have
Vertues alike) immixt, they'l Physick save.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Mustard is hot and dry, above the third
Degree, by it the brain and stomack's stirr'd,
And watry humours in both regions dry'd,
Her *Country-man* its purging vertue try'd,
When that it caught her by the nose, did cry,
(A pox of her, a pox of *Tewxbury*.)
Good sawce for Pork, and Goose, and Brawn in chief
For Sawsages, and Tripes, and powder'd Beef;
Good for the intellect, saith *Avicen*,
I do prescribe it unto *Gotham*, then,
But they must drink it fasting; which they will
Never observe, though to gain *Solomons* skil:
But yet for humorous viscous, thick and tough,
The seed of Mustard is as good as snuff:
And pulverized, and in vine-blanch *de France*
Infus'd, 'twill make a Tertian Ague dance;
It will expectorate, and further reach,
Even to the Stone (if *Pliny* rightly teach.)
But then in vinegar you must it lay,
Though *Alpine* hills these two will mak a way.

Salt is alike with Mustards quality
High-priz'd with us, but more in *Gallia*,

Where

Where 'tis a soveraign sauce, fit for a King,
A sauce finds meat, and clothes, and every thing;
It takes away fastidiousness in meat
(I cannot say, that which the French do eat)
Who loath even Salt it self, and heart'ly hate
It, since it comes obtruded on a Rate.
Yet it subtiles the tast, and makes it play,
Removing grossness from the Uvula;
Excites and sharpens duller appetite,
Hunger and Salt are sauce, or none is right.
But too much Salt licks up and burns the blood,
Just in the body as it is in food,
Which is exact, and dry, and juyceless made,
Where that its briny fire doth much invade;
As by experience, to their constant grief,
Our Mariners do find it in their Beef,
And Sea provisions, which returns them all
Trophies of Salt, sadly *Scorbutical*.
To those that do in Salt too much delight,
It minorates the seed, bedimms the sight.
I have two Friends of either Sex, which do
Eat little Salt, or none, yet are friends to,
Of both which persons I can truly tell,
They are of patience most invincible:
When out of temper no mischance at all
Can put, no, if towards them the Salt should fall.
I know a pretty Pearl such use hath got
Of Salt, hee'd eat (if need) up Madam *Lot*,
A little cholerick Spark, a very fire,
Whom if to make your friend you do desire,
You shall not need a long experience make,
His Bushel's eaten, and you may him take:
Though these two tempers are excessive, know,
A trencher-Salt for Tables we allow,
Rasis saith, Vinegar is dry and cold,
It makes its lovers macilent and old,

A vinegar-fact fellow, as we ſay,
A Conſtable on his inſtalling day,
Looks as if in urine he were ſouſed;
Beware night-walkers, you will all be * houſed,
It doth deſtroy the bodies noble juyce,
Unſucculents the back, and ſpoils its uſe;
A help to *Quartan* Agues; and all ſuch,
Who with black Choler do abound o're much,
Which it confirms and fixes, *E contra*,
It doth diſperſe, and infirme *Choler Rubea*:
It gives a paſſe of guſt in diet, mends
The duller juyce, and downward grateful ſend
There are diſputes, whether 'tis hot or cold,
I'me for my Sages, and with them muſt hold.

* *In the Counter.*

Honey is hot and dry (ſaith *Iſaac*)
In degree ſecond, nor doth vertue lack,
Good for Cacectick perſons, whoſe groſſe chiles
And evil humors rarely it ſubtiles,
And makes them remeant, paſſant through the skin,
Where thouſand little dores are to be ſeen.
If you would know what are thoſe little dores,
Madam, undoubtedly they are the Pores.
The foulneſs of the putrid blood in veins
It purifies, cleanſeth thoſe channels ſtains;
Wherefore let all, whoſe conſtitution's cold
And moiſt, decrepit perſons, and the old
Lick Honey, or the drink-compound thereof,
'Twill warm their chilneſs, and 'twill cure their cough:
But you, my Friends, of cholerick tempers, know
Honey like choler is, and turneth ſo:
Live Honey (as we ſay) and eaten raw,
Is much inflative, rakes the breaſt and Maw,
Provokes by vomit and by Siege; but ſupp'd
In new laid Egg rare ſalve for lungs corrupt.

What need we longer praiſe it, when we know
Its Providore, from every flower doth blow,
Sucks univerſal Balm, ſo in a ſpoon
You take *Gerards* divine * Collection.
So that the gleanings of the vigorous Bee
Is *Johnſon's* labours neat Epitome.
Whom would not this glorious juyce intice
To taſt it, though at lov'd *Jonathan's* price?

* *The Herbal.*

OYLES.

Of Oyles the Oyl of Olives weares the bayes,
Hath higher vertues, therefore higher praiſe:
Pliny the *Senior*, (whom *Veſuvius* kils,
And th' eructations of thoſe fiery hils,
A ſad example, and precaution gives
To all (though ne're ſo learn'd) inquiſitives,
Not to be wiſe, and peep in things too high,
We have our *Ætna's* in Divinity)
Pardon the length of this Parentheſis,
That *Pliny* ſhall declare Oyles qualities:
It is all bodies ſuppler; but the dry
And hide-bound ought it moſt to magnifie;
Vellum-fac'd fellows, living whit-leather,
Eat *Genoa* Olives, and the Oyl together,
Until your parchment bodies give a ſoul,
Sordid and covetous Trayn-oyl can't unfoul;
It makes the body ſtrong and vigorous,
(A word of late in wondrous uſe with us,
But then againſt the ſacred Oyl) it drives
Poyſons, though double twiſt by jealous Wives.
It gently layes the torments of the guts,
Cleanſeth the tripes, and opes thoſe lower huts:
The head-ach pains it cures, and mildly ſwages
The ardor that in burning Feavors rages.

What

What windy vapours dares ith' body ſtay,
Or come in this aerial Unguents way?
Then if your eyes you'd have like Diamonds
Sparkle, (with ſuch rare flame your eyes abounds,
Madam) Oyl will them clarifie, advance
A handſome face to *Cherub's* countenance.
The Ceruſſes are known, and we allow
To you the mellow ſleek-ſtone of the brow;
Such Arts are legal, wot you what *Heſter*
Beſtow'd in ſweets, when for the King ſhe dreſt her?
For all our long and ſtill upheld turmoyles,
And all my ſuffering, I'me for Soveraign Oyles.

The Oyle of Nuts moſt vehement and hot,
Let them, who Fiſtula's ith' eyes have got,
Uſe it from Madam *Stepkins* hand, or buy
It well compounded by good Surgery.

The Oyle of Almonds is more temperate,
It doth the breaſt and lungs cleanſe and dilate:
The grated reins and bladder do receive
Huge eaſe, when we this lenifier give.
Specks in the face it takes away, how ſo?
When Ladies that uſe Oyl have Specks we know:
The round, the long, the ſtar, the great, the leſſer,
And are made *Urſa's* by their Woman-dreſſer.
Though *Urſa* is a Beare, I mean them none,
Unleſs it be a Conſtellation.
The ſcarrs of Wounds by Oyle and Honey mixt
Are plain'd and levell'd though a long time ſixt:
Rare remedy in fighting bluſtring times,
Such as are ours, the more, God knows, our crimes:
This Medicine is moſt parable, nor hard;
Haſt thou the Morphyes, uſe it *Renegard*,

Thou

Thou who haſt ventur'd much, and bravely dar'd,
When that thy body is one ſcarre, as chance
May make it in thy next renown'd advance,
Then call for Oyl of Nuts my *Reenigard*.

Now like the Squirril, which on Nuts doth feed,
We leap from verſes to ſome nobler deed.

FINIS.